

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

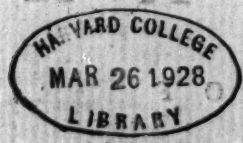
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shop,
No. 48, East corner of St. Paul's Church-yard,
London; and at Edinburgh.

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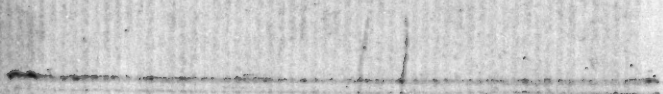


Gift of
Wm. M. Hainsbury

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

CONTAINING

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
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W. D. DICKINSON

Printed by A. Donnan, and sold at his Shop,
No. 1, Elm Court, of St. Paul's Church-yard,
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		<i>A Soothsayer.</i>
Octavius Cæ-	} <i>Triumvirs</i>	<i>Young Cato.</i>
far,		<i>Cinna, a poet.</i>
M. Antony,		<i>Another poet.</i>
M. Æmilius Le-		<i>Lucilius.</i>
pidus,	} <i>after the</i>	<i>Dardanius,</i>
Cicero.		<i>Volumnius,</i>
Brutus,		<i>Varro,</i>
Cassius,		<i>Citius,</i>
Casca,	} <i>conspira-</i>	<i>Claudius,</i>
Trebonius,		<i>Strato,</i>
Ligarius,		<i>Lucius,</i>
Decius Brutus,		<i>Pindarus, servant to Cæ-</i>
Metellus Cimber,	} <i>tors a-</i>	<i>sus.</i>
Cinna,		<i>Ghost of Julius Cæsar.</i>
Popilius Læna,		<i>Cobler.</i>
Publius,		<i>Carpenter.</i>
Flavius,	} <i>Senators.</i>	<i>Other Plebeians.</i>
Marullus,		<i>Calphurnia, wife to Cæ-</i>
Messala,		<i>sar.</i>
Titinius,		<i>Portia, wife to Brutus.</i>
Artemidorus, a sophist of	} <i>and Cassius.</i>	<i>Guards and Attendants.</i>
Cnidos.		

SCENE, for the three first acts, at Rome; afterwards at an isle near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

A 2

Car.

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, Sir,— What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl. I meddle with no men's matters, nor woman's matters; but withal I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work." But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!— what conquest brings
What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home?
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms: and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

That

That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out an holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
 Be gone ———

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, wher their basest mettle be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'ards the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies*.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, for the course, Calphurnia,
 Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and
 a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia, ———

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia, ———

* ceremonies, or religious ornaments.

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course — Antonius, —

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar, —

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, *Cæsar.* Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A Soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*]

SCENE III. *Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamestome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, 'Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protector; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chuse Cæsar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,

And I will look on death indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

“For once upon a raw and gusty day,

“The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,

“Cæsar says to me, Dar’st thou, Cassius, now

“Leap in with me into this angry flood,

“And swim * to yonder point?—Upon the word,

“Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

“And bid him follow; so indeed he did.

“The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it

“With lusty sinews: throwing it aside,

“And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

“But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,”

Cæsar cry’d, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is

* *Swimming* was one of the generous exercises practised at Rome, and earned by all the youth of the best birth and quality as a necessary qualification towards good soldiership.

A wretched creature ; and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him grone :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cry'd — Give me some drink, Titinius —
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

“ So get the start of the majestic world,

“ And bear the palm alone.” [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. ‘ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
‘ Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
‘ Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
‘ To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
‘ Men at some times are masters of their fates :
‘ The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
‘ But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
‘ Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?
‘ Why should that name be sounded, more than your’s ?
‘ Write them together ; your’s is as fair a name :
‘ Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
‘ Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with ’em,
‘ Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
‘ Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
‘ Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
‘ That he is grown so great ? ‘ Age, thou art sham’d ;
‘ Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
‘ When went there by an age, since the great flood,
‘ But it was fam’d with more than with one man ?
‘ When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,
‘ That her wide walls encompass’d but one man ? *

Oh !

* ——— but one man ?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such harsh conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus;

SCENE IV. *Enter Cæsar and his train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you Cassius,—
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conf'rence by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. "Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights:
"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

When there is in it but one only man,

Oh! you and I, &c.

Ant.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
' Yet if my name were liable to fear,
' I do not know the man I should avoid,
' So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
' He is a great observer; and he looks
' Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
' As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
' Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
' As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
' That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
' Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
' Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
' And therefore are they very dangerous.
' I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
' Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca, to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak
with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chance'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chance'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cæs. They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cæs. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca.

Ant.

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done "or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worthships to "think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches "where I stood, cry'd, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed

to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Casca. Ay,

Casf. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Casf. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Casf. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Casf. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Casf. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Casf. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Casf. I will do so; till then think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm that cannot be seduce'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus,

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour * me.—I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 At if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein, obscurely,
 Cæsars ambition shall be glanced at.
 And, after this, let Cæsar feat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn;
 and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar home?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in Heav'n;
 Or else the world, too faucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword),
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,

* To *humour* signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions.

Houting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
“ These are their reasons, they are natural :”
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth : for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter Cassius.*

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heaven's menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perillous night ;

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heav'n, I did present myself

Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the

It is the part of men to fear and tremble, [heav'n's ?

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heav'n's ;

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate * ;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night ;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol ;
 A man no mightier than myself, or me,
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
 Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a King :
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land.
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. ' I know where I will wear this dagger then.
 ' Cassius from bondage deliver Cassius.
 ' Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 ' Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
 ' Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 ' Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 ' Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 ' But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 ' Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 ' If I know this ; know all the world besides,
 ' That part of tyranny that I do bear
 ' I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,

* Calculate here signifies to *ferret* or *prophecy*.

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome?
 What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, oh, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man,
 That is no fearing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprise
 Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
 And I do know by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's Porch. For now this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the elements
 Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand elose a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gate;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: who's that, Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius! could you win the Noble Brutus
 To our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper;

And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day,
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Brutus's garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. **W**HAT, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;

But

But for the general. He would be crown'd——
 " How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
 tion.
 " It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
 " And that craves wary walking : crown him—that—
 " And then I grant we put a sting in him,
 " That at his will he may do danger with.
 " Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 " Remorse* from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 ' That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 ' Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
 ' But when he once attains the upmost round,
 ' He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 ' Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 ' By which he did ascend : so Cæsar may :
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischie-
 And kill him in the shell. [vous,

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up ; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself :
 Shall Rome—speak, strike, redress,*

* remorse, for mercy.

Brutus,

But

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome—— thus must I piece it out,
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress.—— Am I intreated then
To speak, and strike! O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept ——

' Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
' And the first motion, all the interim is
' Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
' The genius, and the mortal instruments
' Are then in council; and the state of man,
' Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
' The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. " O Conspiracy!

" Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,

" When evils are most free? O then, by day

" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough, to

" To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspira-

" Hide

“ Hide it in smiles and affability :
 “ For if thou path *, thy native semblance on,
 “ Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 “ To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest ;
 Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
 Know I these men that come along with you ? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
 But honours you : and every one doth wish
 You had but that opinion of yourself,
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.
 This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca ; this Cinna ;
 And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word ? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines
 That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :
 Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
 Which is a great way growing on the south,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.
 Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
 He first presents his fire ; and the high east
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. “ No, not an oath : if that the fate of men,

* path, i. e. walk. He makes a verb of the substantive.

“ The

" The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
 " If these be motives weak, break off betimes ;
 " And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed :
 " So let high-sighted * Tyranny range on,
 " Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 " As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 " To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 " The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
 " What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 " To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
 " Than secret † Romans, that have spoke the word,
 " And will not palter ? and what other oath,
 " Than honesty to honesty engage'd,
 " That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 " Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
 " Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 " That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes, swear
 " Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
 " The even virtue of our enterprise,
 " Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 " To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 " Doth need an oath : when ev'ry drop of blood
 That ev'ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

* Alluding to a hawk soaring on high, and intent upon its prey.

† *secret*, for *federate* ; used because secrecy is an essential quality in confederations.

Caf. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Caf. Decius, well urge'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,

And in the spirit of man there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! but alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it——“ And, gentle friends,

“ Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

“ Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

“ Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.

“ And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

“ Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

“ And after seem to chide them. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious:

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers,

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,

When Cæsar's head is off.

Caf. Yet I do fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is giv'n

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caf.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy *, or dreams, and ceremonies *;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him; " for he loves to hear,
" That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
" And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
" Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
" But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
" He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,
Brutus;
And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.

* By *fantasy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices.

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! fast asleep? it is no matter,
 " Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 " Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 " Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 " Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE III. *Enter Portia.*

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
 It is not for your health, thus to commit [now?
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your's neither. " You've ungently,
 Brutus,

" Stole from my bed. And, yesternight at supper,
 " You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 " Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
 " And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 " You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 " I urge'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 " And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 " Yet I insist'd; yet you answer'd not;
 " But, with an angry wasture of your hand,
 " Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
 " Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 " Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
 " Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 " Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I yourself,
 But as it were in sort or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife.

Hark, hark, one knocks: Portia, go in a while;

[*Knock.*
 And,

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.

[Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods the Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Changes to Caesar's palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Caes. Not heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out, [night;
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord? ———

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [*forth?*

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back: when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'n's themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taste of death but once.
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

Ser.

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the intrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear *.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he will say, you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Decius.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day; tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most-mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

* ————— to stay for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, &c.

But for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
 She dream'd last night, she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 These she applies for warnings and portents
 Of evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted.

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood: and that great men shall press *

* * * * *

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say.
 And know it now, the senate have concluded,
 To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 Lo, Cæsar is afraid!

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding † bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
 I am ashamed I did yield to them. [nia?
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

* Some lines seem to be wanting between this and the subsequent one.

† proceeding, for advancement, establishment.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And, look, where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to Most Noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna ; now, Metellus : what, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to day ;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will ;---and so near will I be, [*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon ! [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to a street near the Capitol.*

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest
not

not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there——
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth, and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well.

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in---aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus! Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord;
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The street before the Capitol, and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cas. THE ides of March are come.

South. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar: read this schedule.

Dec. Tribonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cas. What touches us ourself, shall be last served,

Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cas. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Læna?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Læna speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Gin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
A humble heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber;
These crouchings and these lowly curtesies,
Might stir the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance* and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curties, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfy'd.

* pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber,

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star.*
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar——

Cæs. Do not, Brutus, bootless kneel!

Casca. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Bruté?—then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

*—— northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with innumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and ev'ry one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he.
Let me, &c,

Cin.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person.
Nor to no Roman else ; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us Publius, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

SCENE II. *Enter Trebonius.*

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Casca. Stoop, Romans, stoop ;
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, " Peace ! freedom ! and liberty !

Cas. Stoop then and wash---How many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death;
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfy'd; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE III. *Enter Antony.*

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

"Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
"Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.

I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour; or no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

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With

With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years;
 I shall not find myself so apt to die.

“ No place will please me so, no means of death,

“ As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

“ The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful:

And pity to the general wrong of Rome

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;

Our arms exempt from malice; “ and our hearts,

“ Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas’d

The multitude, beside themselves with fear;

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strook him,

Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

Now, Decius Brutus, your’s; now your’s, Metellus;

Your’s, Cinna; and my valiant Casca, your’s;

Tho’ last, not least in love, your’s, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all---alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer,

That I did love thee Cæsar, oh, ’tis true.

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
Interms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius--here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. *

Cæs. Mark Antony —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cæs. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so.
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands: but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cæs. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; do not consent [*Aside.*]
That Antony speak in his funeral.

* ——— in thy lethe.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee,
How like a deer, stricken by many piaces,
Dost thou here lie?

Cæs. Mark, &c.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission ;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE IV. *Manet Antony.*

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their rupy lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the line of men * ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of War :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
“ And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

* *i. e.* human race.

“ With Até by his side come hot from hell,
 “ Shall in these confines, with a monarch’s voice,
 “ Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius’s Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Ser. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

Ø Cæsar ! *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, *[chance’d.*
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-people: there shall I try
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar’s body.]*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Forum.*

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with
 the Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers:
 Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar’s death,

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cælius, and compare their reason
When severally we hear them render'd. [sings,

[*Exit Cælius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The Noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent; that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
' If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was not less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended, — I pause for a reply —

All. None, Brutus. none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. — I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforce'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony? who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same

same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Pleb. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Pleb. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Pleb. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Pleb. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 Pleb. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Pleb. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

1 Pleb. Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Pleb. Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 Pleb. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Pleb. He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Pleb. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Pleb. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Pleb. Nay, that's certain;

We are blest'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 Pleb. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans——

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
‘ I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. [cans.]
‘ The evil that men do, lives after them;
‘ The good is oft interred with their bones;
‘ So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
‘ Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;

‘ If

' If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 ' And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 ' Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 ' (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 ' So are they all, all honourable men),
 ' Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral
 ' He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 ' But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 ' And Brutus is an honourable man.
 ' He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 ' Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 ' Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 ' When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
 ' Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 ' Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 ' And Brutus is an honourable man.
 ' You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 ' I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
 ' Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 ' Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 ' And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 ' I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 ' But here I am to speak what I do know.
 ' You all did love him once, not without cause:
 ' What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 ' O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 ' And men have lost their reason——Bear with me.
 ' My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 ' And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse
 come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious. [crown;

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than An-
 tony.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant.

Ant. ' But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
' Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
' And none so poor to do him reverence.
' O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
' Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
' I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
' Who, you all know, are honourable men.
' I will not do them wrong : I rather chuse
' To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
' Than I will wrong such honourable men.
' But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
' I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
' Let but the commons hear this testament,
' (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
' And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
' And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
' Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
' And dying, mention it within their wills,
' Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
' Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will, read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. ' Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read
' It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. [it ;
' You are not wood, you are not stones, but men :
' And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
' It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
' 'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs* ;
' For if you should — O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. ' Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
' (I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it).
' I fear I wrong the honourable men,

' Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar — I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors — honourable men !
All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murtherers ; the will !
read the will.

Ant. ' You will compel me then to read the will ?

' Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

' And let me shew you him that made the will.

' Shall

' Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Alt. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony — Most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

Alt. Stand back — room — bear back —

Ant. ' If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

' You all do know this mantle; I remember,

' The first time ever Cæsar put it on,

' 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

' That day he overcame the Nervii ———

' Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

' See what a rent the envious Casca made. ———

' Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

' And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

' Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:

' For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

' Judge, oh you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;

' This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;

' For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,

' Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

' Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:

' And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

' Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,

' Even at the base of Pompey's statue.

' O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

' Then I and you, and all of us fell down,

' Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

' O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

' The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

' Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold

' Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!

' Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O Noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be revenge'd: revenge: about—
seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the Noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.—

Ant. ' Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
' To such a sudden flood of mutiny. [up

' They that have done this deed are honourable.

' What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

' That made them do it: they are wise and honourable;

' And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

' I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

' I am no orator, as Brutus is:

' But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

' That love my friend; and that they know full well

' That give me public leave to speak of him:

' For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

' Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

' To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

' I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

' Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths!

' And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

' And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

' Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

' In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

' The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, Most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will—let's stay, and hear the

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. [will

To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.*

Pleb.

2 Pleb. Most Noble Cæsar ! we'll revenge his death.

3 Pleb. O Royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side Tyber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar, when comes such another ?

1 Pleb. Never, never ; come, away, away ;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.

4 Pleb. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work ; Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt ! — How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him ;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dream'd to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors ;
Yet something leads me forth.

1 Pleb. What is your name ?

1

2 Pleb.

Act 3.
death.

Sc. 1. JULIUS CÆSAR.

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2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to say, they are fools
"that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear:
"proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
"his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, fire-brands:

To Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius's house,
And some to Cæsar's, some to Ligarius: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ing.
e body.
foot,
ellow?

ians.
Cæsar,

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Anthony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. **T**Hese many then shall die, their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

VOL. VII.

E

Lep.

2 *Pleb.*

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers scandalous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius: and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations:
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begu'n his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things—Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies:
 And some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers. Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come.
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge; or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
 But that my noble master will appear,
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius—
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
 But not with such familiar instances,
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,
 As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
 A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of your's hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but love from us),
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to the inside of Brutus's tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein

Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence * should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. "Remember March, the ides of March remem-
" Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake? [ber!
" What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
" And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
" That struck the foremost man of all this world,
" But for supporting robbers; shall we now
" Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
" And sell the mighty space of our large honours
" For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
" I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
" Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself —
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
" Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

* i. e. small trifling offence.

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break;

“ Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
 “ And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Tho’ it do split you: for, from this day forth,
 I’ll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
 Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way — you wrong me,
 I said, an elder soldier; not a better. [Brutus;
 Did I say better? —

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv’d, he durst not thus have mov’d
 me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted

Cas. I durst not! — [him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

“ There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 “ For I am arm’d so strong in honesty,
 “ That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 “ Which I respect not. I did send to you
 “ For certain sums of gold, which you deny’d me;
 “ For I can raise no money by vile means:
 “ By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 “ And drop my blood for drachma’s, than to wring
 “ From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 “ By any indirection. I did send
 “ To you for gold to pay my legions,
 “ Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?
 “ Should

" Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
" When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
" To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
" Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
" Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not— He was but a fool
That brought my answer back.— Brutus hath riv'd
my heart

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterers would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!— there is my dagger,
And here my naked breast— within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou needs a Roman's, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
" Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
" O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
" That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
" Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
" And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand:

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. *

SCENE IV. *Enter Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. 'O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. 'Of your philosophy you make no use,

'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears sorrow better——Portia's dead.

* ——— and leave you so.

[A noise within.]

Poet. [within] Let me go in to see the Generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how nicely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Go you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Beat with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone.

[Exit Poet.]

SCENE, &c.

Cas.

Cas. ' Ha! Portia? ———

Bru. ' She is dead.

Cas. ' How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that you Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her death
That tidings came), with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erflow the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius; --- welcome, good Messala.

SCENE V. *Enter Titinius and Messala.*

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. ———

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition to'w'd Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty senators that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one? ———

Mes. Cicero is dead; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru.

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That methinks it strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in your's?

Mes. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia---we must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art * as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a force'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourage'd,
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother---

Bru. Under your pardon,---You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline,
There is a tide in the affairs of men,

* art, for philosophy.

Which

' Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
' Omitted, all the voyage of their life
' Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
' On such a full sea are we now a-float :
' And we must take the current when it serves,
' Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more ; good night ;——
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown ; farewell, good Messala,

[Exit Lucius.]

Good night, Titinius ; noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls ;
Let it not, Brutus !

Re-enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[Exeunt.]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowfily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !——

SCENE VI. *Enter Varro and Claudius.*

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother Cassius. *[pleasure.]*

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
Bru.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune—O murth'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

SCENE VII. *Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this taper burns!--Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition!--
It comes upon me--Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou!

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy ! Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs ! awake !
Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.

Lucius ! awake.

Luc. My Lord !——

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out ?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again Lucius ; firrah, Claudius, fellow !
Varro ! awake.

Var. My Lord !

Clau. My Lord !

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep ?

Both. Did we, my Lord ?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The fields of Philippi, with the two camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answer'd.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so ; their battles are at hand,
They mean to wage us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery ; thinking, by this face,

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II. *Drum.*

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, [*words.*]
Crying, "Long live, hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. *

Bru. You threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile dag-
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar. [*gers*]

* ————— stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:
For you have stoln their buzzing, Antony;
For very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains &c.

You

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, Brutus thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. [sweat,
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still! —

Oct. Come, Antony, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs,

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark!

Bru. Lucilius,---hark, a word with you

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth,*

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Cas. Messala!

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.
 You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion; now I change my mind;
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone,
 And, in their steads, do ravenous crows and kites
 Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us.
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, Most Noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together.
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself; I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life; *** † arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. 'No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-
 ' That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; [man,

† It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect, *On the contrary, true courage is seen in the arming myself with patience, &c.*

‘ He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 ‘ Must end that work the ides of March begun.
 ‘ And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
 ‘ Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
 ‘ For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 ‘ If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 ‘ If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. ‘ Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 ‘ The end of this day's business ere it come:
 ‘ But it sufficeth that the day will end;
 And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *Alarum.* Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala; ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;
 A sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
 Fly therefore, Noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look Titinius,
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought you up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [*Ex. Pind.*]
This day I breathed first ; time is come round ;
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life has run its compass. Now, what news ?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my Lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pind. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him ;
Titinius ! now some light — oh, he lights too —
He's ta'en — and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more ;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilt ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art revenge'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee. —

[*Kills himself.*]

Pind. So I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Titinius and Messala.*

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mess. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mess. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mess. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala;

But Cassius is no more! Oh, setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done:

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mess. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mess. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet

The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mess.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius!

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? didst thou not bear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee; and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace;

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods—This is a Roman's part.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper intrails.

[*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look if he have not crown'd dead Cassius! —

Bru. Are yet two Romans living, such as these?

Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well;

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time —

Come, therefore, and to Thasios send his body.

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit.]

Luc.

Luc. Oh young and Noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius:
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son *.

Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die †.

* * * * *

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Giving him money.
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 Sol. Room, ho! tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sol. I'll tell the news, here comes the General.
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chance'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to another part of the field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnus.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

* i. e. worthy of him.

† A line seems to be lost here, to this purpose, as if the Soldier had
demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?*
To which Lucilius answered, *There is so much, &c.*

Bru.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus——

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once;

And this last night, here in Philippi' fields

I know my hour is come

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

[*Alarum*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me,

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cl. Fly, my Lord, fly.—

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy Lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first,—fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato;—Cæsar, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

S C E N E IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can make but a fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself;

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Bru-

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true. [tus,

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me.

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my Lord, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Offa. According to his virtue, let us use him,
 With all respect, and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
 So call the field to rest; and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E I X.

ANTONY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY.		Menecrates, } friends to
Octavius Cæsar.		Varrius, } Pompey.
Æmilius Lepidus.		Silius, an officer in Venti-
Sex. Pompeius.		dius's army.
Domitius Ænobar-		Taurus, Lt.-Gen to Cæsar.
bus,		Alexas,
Ventidius,	} friends and fol- lowers of An- tony.	Mardian, } servants to Cle-
Canidius,		Diomedes, } opatra.
Eros,		Seleucus,
Scarus,		A Soothsayer.
Dercetas,		Clown.
Demetrius,		Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Philo,		Octavia, sister to Cæsar, and
Mecænas,		wife to Antony.
Agrippa,	} friends to Cæ-	Charmian, } Ladies attend-
Dolabella,		ias, } ing on Cleopat.
Proculeius,		Ambassadors from Antony
Thyreus,		to Cæsar, Captains, Sol-
Gallus,		diers, Messengers, and
Menas, friend to Pompey.		other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispers'd in several parts of the Roman empire.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The palace at Alexandria in Egypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phil. " **N**AY, but this dotage of our General
 " O'erflows the measure; those his goodly
 " eyes,

" That o'er the files and musters of the war
 " Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
 " The office and devotion of their view
 " Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
 " Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

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" The

" The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;
 " And is become the bellows and the fan
 " To cool a gypfy's lust. Look where they come !

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

" The triple pillar of the world transform'd

" Into a strumpet's stool. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much ?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or this ;
 Take in that kingdom, and infranchise that ;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee. —

Ant. How, my love ?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like),
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's ? I'd say both ?
 Call in the messengers ; as I'm Ægypt's Queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager ; else, so thy cheeks pay shame,
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers—

Ant. " Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
 " Of the rais'd empire fall ! here is my space ;
 Kingdoms are clay ; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man ; the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
 And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind
 (On pain of punishment) the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure new. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. "Fie, wrangling Queen!
"Whom every thing becomes; to chide; to laugh,
"To weep: whose every passion fully strives
"To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.
No messenger, but thine; — and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm sorry
That he approves the common liar, Fame;
Who speaks him thus at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer
that you prais'd so to th' Queen? Oh that I knew this
husband, which you say must charge his horns with
garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer, —

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me be
married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them
all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of
Jewry may do homage! find me, to marry me with,
Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names*.

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.—

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall
be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-

* i. e. be of no note.

Sc. 3. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 77

notification, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? — give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! Alexas, — Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune. — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worst, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

SCENE III. *Enter Cleopatra.*

Æno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Æno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Ænobarbus*, —

Æno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here at your service. My Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[Exeunt.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the Time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar:
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. "When it concerns the fool or coward; on—
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia;
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria to Lydia and Ionia;
Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say —

Mess. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome. *[tongue;*
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ill told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure

Ant. From Sicyon, how the news? speak there.

Mess. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

[Exit first Messenger.]

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 Mess In Sicyon

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me ——— [*Exit second Messenger.*]
There's a great spirit gone ! thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution low'ring, does become
The opposite of itself ; she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Ænobarbus* ?

Enter Ænobarbus.

Æno. What's your pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Æno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Æno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though
between them and a great cause they should be esteem'd
nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of
this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times
upon far poorer moment : I do think there is mettle
in death, which commits some loving act upon her,
she hath such a celerity in dying

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Æno. Alack, Sir, no ; her passions are made of no-
thing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call
her winds and waters, sighs and tears : they are greater
storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This
cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a show'r
of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Æno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful
piece of work, which not to have been bless'd withal,
would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno.

Ant.

Æno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Æno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Æno. And the business you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience * to the Queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath giv'n the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great and all his dignities Upon his son: who high in name and pow'r, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality going on, The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding; Which, like the courser's hair †, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whole place is under us, requires

* expedience, for expedition.

† This alludes to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse dropp'd into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does,—
I did not send you.---If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

[*Seeming to faint.*]

Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye, there's some good
What says the marry'd woman? you may go; [news.
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? riotous madnefs
To be intangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then; —
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n *. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domestic pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are nearly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietnefs, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me free-
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die? [dom,

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best.
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

* i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven.

Where

Where be the sacred phials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword —

Cleo. And target — Still he mends:
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, (but that's not it);
Sir, you and I have lov'd, (but there's not it,
That you know well); something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten*.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me;

* The meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.*

Since

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! On your sword
 Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go: come,
 Our separation so abides and flies,
 That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
 And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to Cæsar's palace in Rome.*

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 One great competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
 Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
 You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
 Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
 Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,
 (As his composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the driness of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, immature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
'Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacqueying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.—when thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina.—where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa Consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink

The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge: [deign
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome; time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' th' field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council; Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my Lord.
What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,——

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha — give me to drink Mandragoras.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gape of time;
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason.——

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, Mardian ——

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo.

men did
[deign
ts,
lps,

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse!
Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. "He's speaking now,
"Of murmuring, Where's my serpent of old Nile?---
"(For so he calls me). Now I feed myself
"With most delicious poison. Think on me,
"That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
"And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæsar,
"When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

ad,
pond.
[Exeunt.

exandria.
ardian.

goras.
e of time;

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl. — His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the pretty present, I will pace

Cleo.

H 2

Her

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded;
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed *,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beatly done by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided-disposition!

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man: but note him;
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Ægypt with his joy; but between both.
 Oh heavenly mingle! be'st thou sad or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.
 Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day,
 When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
 Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I Charmian,
 Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. Oh, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
 Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar.

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again
 My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days;
 When I was green in judgment.—Cold in blood!
 To say, as I said then.—But come away,
 Get me ink and paper;
 He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll un-
 people Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

* i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My pow'r's a crescent, and my anguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full ark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a lethe'd dulness —

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver.

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them.
For they have entertained cause enough [selves:
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! it only stands
Uur lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Ænobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Ænobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'intreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Æno. I shall intreat him
To answer, like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as stars By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Æno. Every time

Serves

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give away.

Æno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion ;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The Noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Æno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia.—
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know ; Mecænas, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well ;

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world ; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt ; yet, if you there

Did

Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake the business : my brother ne-
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it, [ver
And have my learning from some true reporters,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with your's,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with),
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me : but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;

I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause against which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another ;
The third o' th' world is your's, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy ; but not such a wife.

Æno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you ;
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters ; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me ere admitted : then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' th' morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.——

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred * which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar,
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to inforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Æno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle
in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only, speak no more.

Æno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Æno. Go to then: your considerate stone.——

Cæs. I do not much dislike the manner, but

* sacred, for unbroken, unviolated.

The

The matter of this speech : for't cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
 O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admir'd Octavia ! great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
 If Cleopatra heard you, your approof
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar ; let me hear
 Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men ;
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
 Where now half-tales be truths : her love to both,
 Would each to other, and all loves to both
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
 (If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so")
 To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
 Dream of impediment ! let me have thy hand ;
 Further this act of grace : and, from this hour,

The

The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pom-
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great [pey,
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's.

Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame,

Would we had spoke together! haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Manent Ænobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, Sir.

Æno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
my honourable friend Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Ænobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested: you stay'd well by't in Ægypt.

Æno.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there.—Is this true!

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

" The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 " Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
 " Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [silver,
 " The winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were
 " Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 " The water which they beat, to follow faster,
 " As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 " It beggar'd all description; she did lie
 " In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
 " O'er-picturing that Venus*, where we see
 " The fancy out-work Nature. On each side her,
 " Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 " With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 " To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 " And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for Antony!

Eno. " Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
 " So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 " And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
 " A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 " Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 " That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Inthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,

* Meaning the *Venus of Protegenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 16.

Sc. 3. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Æno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,

It should be better he became her guest;
Which she intreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Æno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect. perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Æno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blest'd allott'ry to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Ænobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Æno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My Octavia,

VOL. VII.

I

Read

Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.

Ota. Good night, Sir

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

SCENE IV. *Enter Soothsayer.*

Ant. Now, firrah ! do you wish yourself in Ægypt ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
 you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my motion *, have it not in my
 tongue ; but yet hie you to Ægypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
 Cæsar's or mine.

Sooth. 'Cæsar's. — Therefore, oh Antony, stay not
 by his side.

Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Cæsar's is not But near him thy angel
 Becomes a fear †, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore
 Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to
 If thou dost play with him at any game, [thee. —
 Thou'rt sure to lose : and of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him.
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.*]
 He shall to Parthia ; — be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him ;
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
 Under his chance ; if we draw lots, he speeds ;
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought ; and his quails ‡ ever

* i. e. the divinitory agitation.

† i. e. a fearful thing. The abstract for the concrete.

‡ Luvian relates, that at Athens quail-fighting was exhibited at
 show : and many other ancient authors mention it as a sport much in
 use.

Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to Ægypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, Ventidius.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to Parthia, your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you hasten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody food—
Of us that trade in love——

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, tho't come too
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. [short,
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—oh times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippine. Oh, from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam! Madam!

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark, we
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, [use
The gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal* man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

* formal, for ordinary.

Rich pearls upon thee *.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam—

Cleo. I do not like *But yet*, it does allay

The good precedence†; fie upon *But yet*:

But yet is as a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar,

In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

* It was a ceremony among the eastern nations, at coronations, triumphs, and great festivals, that their kings sitting in state had showers of gold, and pearl, and precious stones, poured down upon them. To which custom Milton also alludes:

Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand

Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold. B. 2. v. 3.

This fact is verified by historians. In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Persian, a contemporary author, are the following words, as they are translated by Monf. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, B. 2. chap. 1.

Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierres fines, selon la coutume.

And at the bottom of the page is this note.

Cette coutume subsiste encore aujourd'hui, non seulement au couronnement des princes, mais encore aux mariages des particuliers.

† precedence, for precedent.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt Ægypt into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message.
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, *Yes*.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lye, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst;

So half my Ægypt were submerge'd, and made
A cistern for scald snakes! go, get thee hence;

Hadst

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?—

Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married —

Mess. Take no offence, for I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleo. Oh, that his faults should make a knave of thee,
That say'st but what thou'rt sure of! — Get thee hence;
The merchandizes thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Mess.*]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; oh, alas, Charmian — 'tis no matter. —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination. let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly, —
Let him for ever go — let him not, Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
Th' other way he's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
Bring word how tall she is: pity me, Charmian,
But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet; at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Ænobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,

And

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,---I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar
(Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted),
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made thee, all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous Freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that dispihtful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o'er count thee.

Pom. At land indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present), how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth imbrace'd.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon;
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

I came

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Puts me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling; you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus; thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard Apollodorus carried ———

Æno. No more of that; he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Æno. A certain Queen to Cæsar in a mistress.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou, Soldier?

[To Ænobarbus.

Æno.

Æno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Æno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill-becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Ænob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
You and I have known, Sir. [*To Ænob.* [this treaty.

Æno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Æno. " You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Æno. " I will praise any man that will praise me,
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Æno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Æno. There I deny my land-service; but give me
your hand, Menas, if our eyes had authority, here
they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoev'r their
hands are.

Æno. But there is ne'er a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander. — they steal hearts.

Æno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drink-
ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Æno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir: we look'd not for Mark
Antony here. Pray you is he married to Cleopatra?

Æno. Cæsar's sister is called *Octavia*.

Men.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Æno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Æno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Æno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Æno. I think so too. But you shall find; the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Æno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is, he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Æno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in Ægypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's galley.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition *, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his intreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

* A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *touching one in a sore place*.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great mens' fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ænobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile By certain scale i' th' pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises, as it ebbs, the seedsmen Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Æno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemy's pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.

[*Whispers.*

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the healths that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's Be jolly, Lords. [else to say?

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it;

And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey; I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable; And when we are put off, fall to their throats: All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villany, In thee 't had been good service: thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it: repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd * fortunes more ;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Æno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Ænobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Æno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.—

[*Pointing to Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Æno. He bears the third part of the world, man !
feels not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk ; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels !

Æno. Drink thou, increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it ; strike the vessels, ho.
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it ;
'Tis monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler,

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer ; but I had rather
Fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Æno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now
'Th' Ægyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good foldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands ;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Æno. All take hands :

Make battery to our ears with the loud music,
The while I'll place you ; then the boy shall sing :
The holding every man shall beat as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Music plays.* Ænobarbus places them hand in hand.

* i. e. dead ; a metaphor taken from funeral solemnities.

The S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plum'y Bacchus, with pink eyne;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us till the world go round.*

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks, Strong Ænobarbus
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, Antony, you have my father's house.
But what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Æno. Take heed you fall not, Menas.

Men. I'll not on shore.

No, to my cabin — these drums!

These trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out. [Sound a flourish, with drums;

Æno. Hoo, says 'a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa! — Noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A camp in a part of Syria.

*Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; the dead body of
Pacorus borne before him; Silius, Roman Soldiers
and Attendants.*

Ven. **N**OW, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

K

Make

Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our host; thy Pacorus, Orodes
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh Silius, Silius,

I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sosius,
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that without the which
A soldier and his sword grant * scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there;----pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

* grant, for afford.

SCENE II. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Agrippa at one door. Ænobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Æno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are seeling. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus.

Æno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Æno. Cæsar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony, the god of Jupiter?

Æno. Speak you of Cæsar? oh! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony, oh thou Arabian bird!

Æno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,-- Cæsar, go no
further:

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Æno. But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder ———

Agr. Both he loves

Æno. They are his shards, and he their beetle, so!---

This is to horse; adieu, Noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond

Shall pass on thy approval. Most Noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and——

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; "the swan's down-
feather,

"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,

"And neither way inclines.

Æno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Æno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Agr. Why, Ænobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Æno. That year indeed he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.

Look, here I have you; [*Embracing him.*] thus I let
And give you to the Gods. [you go,

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*Kisses Octavia,*

Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That's Herod's head
I'll have. But how, when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it?—Comethou near.

Mess. Most gracious Majesty,——

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. In Rome, Madam.

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd, or
low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian; dull of tongue and
What majesty is in her gate? remember, [*dwarfish.*
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess.

Mess. Or I have no observance*.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing:

I do perceive't, there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or
round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,

They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks by him
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend!

And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Changes to Athens.*

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that;

* observance, for observation, or ability of observing.

That

That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import; but he hath wage'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear; spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, Oh, bless my Lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not your's,
Than your's so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, Lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war,
Shall strain your brother; make your soonest haste;
So, your desires are your's.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak;
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ænobarbus and Eros.

Æno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros.

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Æno. What, man? [pey,

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made war upon Pom-

Æno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Æno. Then 'would thou had a pair of chaps, no more: and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him. Cries, "Fool Lepidus! And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Æno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar; more, Domitius, My Lord desires you presently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Æno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace in Rome.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and In Alexandria; here's the manner of it: [more,
I' th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly inthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt, made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place, where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; for that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone.
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with Attendants.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my Lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee *cast-away*!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause,

Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? you come
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony [not
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust

Should

Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
 Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love; which left unthewn,
 Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
 By sea and land, supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free-will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore, who now are levying
 The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
 Bocchus the King of Libya, Archelaus
 Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King
 Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian King Adullas,
 King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
 Herod of Jewry, Mithridates King
 Of Comagene, Polemon and Amintas,
 The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
 Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger: cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you ;
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Off. Is it so, Sir ?

Cas. It is most certain. Sister, welcome ; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister ! [*Exe.*

SCENE VI. *Near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter Cleopatra and Ænobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Æno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars ;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Æno. Well ; is it, is it ?

Cleo. Is't not denounce'd against us ? why should not
we be there in person ?

Æno. Well, I could reply : if we should serve with
horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost ;
the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Æno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduce'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink, Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' th' war ;
And, as the president of my kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

VOL. VII.

L

Enter

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne? You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey. But these offers,
Which serve not for his 'vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have against Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare, your's heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium
Beat

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my Lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sol. Oh, Noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Æno.*]

Sol. By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth

Each minute some.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. Taurus?

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed [battle,
The prescript of this scrowl; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In-eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over
the stage; and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the
other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of
a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Ænobarbus.*

Æno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no
Th' Antonias *, the Ægyptian admiral, [longer;
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder.
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Æno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost.
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Æno. How appears the fight?

Scar. " On our side like the token'd pestilence,
" Where death is sure. Yond ribauld nag of Ægypt,
" (Whom leprosy o'ertake!), i' th' midst o' th' fight,
" When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd

* Which Plu arch was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

" Both

" Both as the same, or rather ours the elder),

" The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,

" Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld.

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. " She once being looft,

" The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

" Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,

" Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame;

Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.

Oh, he has given example for our flight,

Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good
night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render

My legions and my horse: six Kings already

Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason

Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't.

It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither;

I am so lated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship

Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,

And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
 Which has no need of you. Be gone,
 My treasure's in the harbour. Take it — oh,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon;
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint,
 Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
 Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straightway.
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now —
 Nay, do so; for indeed I've lost command,
 Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam —

Iras. Madam; oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. "Yes, my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

"His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook

"The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I

"That the mad Brutus ended; he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

In the brave squares of war; yet how — no matter —

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen —

Iras. Go to him, Madam. speak to him,

He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me — oh!

Eros. Most Noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
 Her head's inclin'd, and death will seize her, but

Your

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unnoble swerving —

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, Ægypt; see.

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;

By looking back on what I've left behind,

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;

Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought

You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,

My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,

And thou should'st tow me after. O'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the shift of lowness; who,

With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know,

How much you were my conqueror; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obeys it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates

All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,

Even this repays me. —

We sent our schoolmaster: is he come back?

Love, I am full of lead; some wine,

Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exe.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Cæsar's camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither

He

He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As in the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath between the heav'ns and earth;
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,

I have no ears to hear his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambass.*]
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise; [*To Thyreus.*]
And, in our name, when she requires, add more
As thine invention offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his slave;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Changes to Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.**Cleo.* What shall we do, Ænobarbus?*Æno.* Drink and die *.*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Æno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What although you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
 The itch of his affection should not then,
 Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.*Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.**Ant.* Is that his answer?*Amb.* Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.*Ant.* Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. Thy head, my Lord!

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
 Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' th' command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,

* This reply of Ænobarbus seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of Antony and Cleopatra, which is related by Ptolemy: That, after their defeat at Actium, they instituted a society of friends, who entered into engagement to die with them; not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had lived before.

And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Antony.*]

Æno. Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sworder. — "I see mens' judgments are
" A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
" Do draw the inward quality after them,
" To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see, my women,---
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Æno. Mine honesty and I begin to square: [*Aside.*]
Though loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will!

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly!

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Æno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us if Cæsar please. Our master
Will leap to be his friend: for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, Cæsar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on; — right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does

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Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Æno. To be sure of that,——
I will ask Antony——Sir, thou'rt so leaky, [*Aside.*
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit Æno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? He partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, [*Lord.*
And put yourself under his shroud, the universal land-

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

"Wisdom and fortune combating together,
"If that the former dare but what it can,
"No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

SCENE X. *Enter Antony and Ænobarbus.*

Ant. Favours! by Jove that thunders——

[*Seeing Thyreus kiss her hand.*

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Æno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant.

Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite! now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me of late—When I cry'd, Ho! Like boys unto a * mufs, Kings would start forth, And cry, Your will? have you no ears? I'm Antony yet. Take hence thisjack, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp, Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! ——

Whip him. — Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of she here, (what's her name, Since she was Cleopatra?),—whip him, fellows—— Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony ——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd Bring him again; this jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.* You were half-blasted ere I knew you: ha! [*To Cleo.* Have I my pillow left unpres'd in Rome, Forborn the getting of a lawful race, And by a Gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord, ——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever. But when we in our viciousness grow hard, (Oh misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes: In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out. For I am sure, Though you can guess what temperance should be, You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

* a scramble.

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And pligher of high hearts! — O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he, and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence—
The white hand of a lady fever thee, [forth
Shake to look on't.— Go, get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't:
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my infranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time. —

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

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M

From

From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
 And poison't in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! the next Cæsario smite!
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey?

Ant. I'm satisfied.

Cæsar sets down 'fore Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and float, threat'ning most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, Lady?
 If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when my hours
 Were nice * and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight-bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day;

I had thought t'have held it poor: but since my Lord
 Is Antony still, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll
 force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight, [Queen;
 I'll make death love me: for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.

Æno. "Now he'll outlast the lightning; to be fu-
 rious,

* nice, for delicate, curtly, flowing in grace.

" Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
 " The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
 " A diminution in our captain's brain
 " Restores his heart; when Valour preys on Reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
 Some way to leave him. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with their army.
 Cæsar reading a letter.*

Cæs. **H**E calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of Ægypt. My messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal com-
 Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know, [bat,
 He hath many other ways to die: mean time
 I at his challenge laugh.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction: never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight. Within our files there are
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
 And feast the army; we have store to do't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
 [Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *The palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Anobarbus, Charmian,
 Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Æno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Æno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
 He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my household-servants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou; you've serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd traits, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty;
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !

Now the witch take * me, if I meant it thus !
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! my hearty friends
 You take me in too dolorous a sense ;
 I spake t'you for your comfort, did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *A court of guard before the palace.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way. Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : what news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour ; good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you, good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Here, we ; and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i' th' air. —

3 *Sold.* Under the earth. —

It signs well, does it not ?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say : what should this mean !

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules who loved Antony,
 Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

* i. e. blast, bewitch.

M 3

2 *Sold.*

Ant.

2 *Sold.* How now, Masters? [*Speak together.*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, Masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine armour, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck: Eros, come, mine armour,
Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on;

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, Antony.

What's this for? ah, let be, let be; thou art

The armourer of my heart;—false, false; this, this;

Sooth-la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now;

Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou; dispatch. O love!

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation; thou should'st see

A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome;

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

Sold.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair: good morrow, General!

All. Good morrow, General!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that,—this way—well said.
Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of Reel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly: that he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony, — but now, — well on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to a camp.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once pre-
To make me fight at land! [*vail'd*]

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have fill
Follow'd thy heels

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Ænobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my Eros. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to Cæsar's camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Ænobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Mark Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, Agrippa;
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*]

Æno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jew'ry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar;
And leave his master Antony. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: Canidius, and the rest,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sol. Ænobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His

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His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Æno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Ænobarbus*,
I tell you true; best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Æno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Before the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engage'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression*
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat them into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

* *oppression*, for *oppression*.

Scar.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee,
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus,
with others.

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our gestures; to-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd my cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, [Hectors.
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand.
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

" To this great faery * I'll commend thy acts,
" Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' world,
" Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
" Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
" Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
" The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale! [gray
We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can [we
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day,
" As if a god in hate of mankind had

* *faery*, for *incantress*; in which sense the word is often used in the old romances.

" Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' ear. — Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
And drink carowfes to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Caesar's camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his company. Ænobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard ; the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By th' second hour i' th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Æno. O bear me witness, night !

2 Watch. What man is this ?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Æno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Ænobarbus did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Ænobarbus ?

3 Watch. Peace ; hark further.

Æno. " Oh sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

" The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,

" That life, a very rebel to my will,

" May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;

But

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

Oh Antony! oh Antony!

[Dies.

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely * wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. *Between the two camps.*

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour †. [Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar and his army.

Cæs. But being charge'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

* demurely, for solemnly.

† i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all;
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to the palace in Alexandria.*

Enter Antony.

Ant. All's lost! this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenge'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
“ Oh, sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
“ Fortune and Antony part here, even here
“ Do we shake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
“ That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave
“ Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
“ On blossoming Cæsar: and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this false foul of Ægypt! this gay charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss*.
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.——

* i. e. to the very centre; alluding to the term of the *Heart of void*.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrage'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her prepared nails *. 'Tis well thou'rt gone.

[*Exit Cleopatra.*]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor; thy rage
Led thee lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue thy worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dies for't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so imboss'd.

Char. To th' monument,
There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead.
"The soul and body rive not more in parting,
"Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*!
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monu-
ment. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Re-enter Antony and Eros.*

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;

* i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose.

* A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion;
 * A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 * A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 * With trees upon't, that nod into the world,
 * And mock our eyes with air. Thou'lt seen these signs,
 * They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. ' That which is now a horse, even with a thought

* The rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
 * As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body; here I'm Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Ægypt; and the Queen,
 Whose heart I thought I had, (for she had mine;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost!) she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph——
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
 Sh' has robb'd me of my sword:

Mar. No, Antony!

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, fauey eunuch, peace, she hath betray'd
 And she shall die the death. [me,

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
 * And that she has discharge'd. What thou would'st do,
 * Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
 * Was, Antony! Most Noble Antony!
 * Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 * The name of Antony; it was divided
 * Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
 * Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros, the long day's task is done;
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit Mardian.
Off, pluck off;—

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier—bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself.
You have been nobly borne;—from me a while—
[Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture; since thy torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force intangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—Eros!—stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Sichæus * shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

* *Æneas* is in all the old editions; but is rightly altered in some of the latter to *Sichæus*: for Dido's fondness did not reach to the other world: she then despised *Æneas*, and returned to her old affection for *Sichæus*.

*Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nēmus umb iferum; conjunx ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.*

This comparison of Antony to *Sichæus* is remarkably apposite. *Sichæus* was murdered by his brother *Pegmalion* for his wealth, on which his wife *Dido* fled into Africa: so Antony was fought with and defeated at *Actium* by his brother *Octavius*, for his share of the dominion of the world; whereon *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into *Egypt*.

Quarter'd

is done;
safe,
Mardian.

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himself.
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it Eros.

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Eros!

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Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back,
With ships, made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I'm conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Would'st kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
To do this when I bade thee; do it at once, [then
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. — [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My Captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man, — and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then. — [Eros kills himself.
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, oh, valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not: my Queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[Falling on his sword.
I learn'd of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead? —
The guard — ho! — oh, dispatch me.

SCENE XI. Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends.

O make an end of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fall'n.

1 Guard. And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead!

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

[Exeunt:

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with these tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? draw thy sword, and
Sufficing strokes for death.

[give me

Dio. Most absolute Lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio.

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Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass. For when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar; and that your rage
Would not be purge'd, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed; call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard,
Come, your Lord calls, [What, ho!

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XH. *Changes to a magnificent monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian. and Iras, above.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other side your monument,

His

His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Turn from th' great sphere thou mov'st in—darkling
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony! [stand
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony: but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only yet
I here importune death a-while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo. I dare not;
(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not),
Left I be taken. Not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be-breoch'd with me: if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come Antony,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [Lord!
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,——
Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come——

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome. Die where thou hast liv'd;
Quickened with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false hufwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety—you—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts.
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest once: and do not now basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more ——— [Antony dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men! — wo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty: O see, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt — my Lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone:
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon.

[She faints.

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady!

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam ———

Iras. Royal Ægypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Isis!

Cleo. "No more but a mere woman, and commanded
"By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
"And does the meanest chares! — It were for me
"To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
"To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
"Till they had stoln our jewel. All's but naught:

"Patience

" Patience is fottish, and impatience does.
 " Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
 " To rush into the secret house of death,
 " Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
 " What, what, good cheer! why, how now Charmian?
 " My noble girls? — ah, women, women, look,
 " Our lamp is spent, 'tis out----good Sirs, take heart,
 " We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
 " Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 " And make death proud to take us. Come away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Proculeius, Gallus, and train.

Cæs. **G**O to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him,
 He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit Dolabella.]*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
 Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
 He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar: if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack. The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets, and citizens

Into.

Into their dens — The death of Antony
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the aëts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends:
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To wash the eyes of Kings!

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persifed deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this — but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look'd on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter season.
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter

Enter an Egyptian.

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet; the Queen my mi-
Confin'd in all she has, (her monument), [stress,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's force'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. May the gods preserve thee. [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; go, and say
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along; — where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Changes to the monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Se-
leucus, above.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose] *,
(Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug),
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel for to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conq'r'r that will pray in aid † for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here Gallus, and guard, ascend the monument
by a ladder, and enter at a back window.*

* This line is inserted by Mr. Warburton, to supply a line 1 st.

† *Praying in aid*, is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice, for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

Gall. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

Pro. Guard her till Cæsar come,

Iras. O Royal Queen?

Char. Oh, Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.---

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

*The monument is open'd; Proculeius rushes in,
and disarms the Queen.*

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come; oh, come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, Lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle time will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of cens'ring Rome? rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's highest pyramid my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

S C E N E III. *Enter Dolabella.*

Dol. Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. As for the queen,

I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So Dolabella,

It shall content me best ; be gentle to her.

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To Cleo.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exe. Proculeius and Gallus.*

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams ;

Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emp'rour Antony :

Oh such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye ———

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns ; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O of th' earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature ! ———

Cleo. His legs bestride the ocean ; his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't : an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd their back above
The element they liv'd in ; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra ———

Cleo. Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods ;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
'Tis past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet t' imagine
An Antony, were Nature's prize 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it,
As answer'ing to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd Success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable——

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there,——Cæsar.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you rise, rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,
I cannot proffer mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which tow'ards you are most gentle), you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.——

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis your's;
and we,

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of — 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted —— Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve.
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! Oh, behold
How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be your's,
And, should we shift estates, your's would be mine:
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave! of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd —— What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart.

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded
 By one that I have bred? The gods!--it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;—
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-
 For things that others do. And when we fall, [thought
 We answer. Others' merits, in our names
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' th' roll of conquest, still be't your's;
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold: Therefore be cheer'd:
 Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear Queen;
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master and my Lord!

Cæs. Not so:---adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
 That I should not be noble to myself.
 But hark thee, Charmian. [*Whispers Charmian.*]

Irus. Finish, good Lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.—

I've spoke already, and it is provided;
 Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

[*Exit Charm.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen.

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before :
• Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'st
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn [thou?
In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be inclouded,
And force'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: faucy listors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and stall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth; and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy * my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for I'm sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most assur'd intents. Now, Charmian,

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony Sirrah Iras, go——
Now, Noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday—bring our crown, and all.

[*A noise within.*

* Heretofore the parts of women were acted on the stage by boys
Wherefore

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble deed! — He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the
party should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or
never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very
honest woman; but something given to lye, as a wo-
man should not do, but in the way of honesty. How
she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! tru-
ly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm: but
he that will believe half that they say, shall never
be saved by all that they do: but this is most falli-
ble, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted
but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there
is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown.

Clown. ' Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for
' it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. ' You must not think I am so simple, but I
' know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I
' know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
' devil dresse her not. But, truly, these same whore-
' son devils do the gods great harm in their women!
' for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clo. ' Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cleo. " Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
" Immortal longings in me. Now no more
" The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip.

" Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—Methinks I hear

" Antony call, I see him rouse himself

" To praise my noble act. I hear him mock

" The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

" To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;

" Now to that name my courage prove my title!

" I am fire and air; my other elements

" I give to baser life. So——have you done?

" Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

" Farewel, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kissing them.*]

" Have I the asp in my lips? Dost fall?

[*To Iras, after she had applied the asp.*]

" If thou and nature can so gently part,

" The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

" Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?

" If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

" It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heav'n to have. " Come, mortal wretch,

" With thy sharp teeth this knot * intricate

[*To the serpent, applying it to her breast.*]

* *intricate*, i. e. intricate, intangled, or tied in hard knots.

" Of

" Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 " Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, could'st thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar afs,
 Unpolicied?

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. ' Peace, peace!

' Dost thou not see my baby at my breast

' That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break?

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
 O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay ——— [Dies.

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well.
 Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
 A las unparallell'd — Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phæbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play ———

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent ———

[*Charmian applies the asp.*

Char. Too slow a messenger.

Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. Cæsar's
 beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, Charmian? is this
 well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers! ——— [Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here!

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
 To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
 So fought'st to hinder.

Enter

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Cæsar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last.

She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple country-man, that brought her figs.
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then?

1 Guard. Oh Cæsar!

This Charmian liv'd but now, she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an asp's trail;

And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' asp's leaves upon the caves of Nile,

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony.

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CYMBE-

CYMBELINE. A Tragedy*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*

Guiderius { *Disguised under the names of*
Arviragus { *Paladour and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Belarius, *a banished Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *friend to Philario.*
Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. **Y**OU do not meet a man but frowns.
Our brows
No more obeys the heavens than our courtiers,

But seem, as does the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
(whom

* The story is partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, day 2. Nov. 9. little besides the names being historical.

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded; ———

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far *.

1 *Gent.* I don't extend him, Sir; within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with *Callibetan*;
But had his titles by *Temantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which their father
(Then old, and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes the babe

* i. e. largely in his praise.

To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber :
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do aſt, faſt as 'twas miniſtred.

His ſpring became a harveſt : liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt ; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that featur'd them ; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. For his miſtreſs,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd), her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is ſhe ſole child to the King ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two ſons, if this be worth your hearing
(Mark it) ; the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing cloaths the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtohn ; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them ! ———

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear. Here comes the Gentle-
man,

The Queen, and Princeſs.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daugh-
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers, [ter,
Ill-ey'd unto you : you're my priſ'ner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys

That

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win th' offended King,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience.
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
 Hath charge'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my mistress!
 O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man. I will remain
 The loyall'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my Queen;
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
 If the King come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure. Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*]
 To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries; to be friends,
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave,
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow.—Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little ———

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how, another!

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

SCENE III. *Enter Cymbeline and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the King! ———

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid; hence, from my sight:
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And blest the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare *
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

* *i. e.* more strong, forcible; alluding to the stroke of lightning.

Cym.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O, bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made A seat for baseness. [my throne

Imo. No, I rather added A lustre to it

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus : You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is A man worthy any woman ; over-buys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What ! — art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, Sir ; Heav'n restore me ! 'would I were A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! They were again together ; you have done

[To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech you patience ; peace, Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign, Leave us t'ourselves, and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a-day ; and, being aged, Die of this folly.

[Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way. Here is your servant. How now, Sir ? what news ?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought, And had no help of anger : they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! —
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.

From this time leave me. — [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Cloten and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it —
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase, if
he be not hurt. It is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be
not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side
the town.

[Aside.

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, towards your
face.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your
own; but he added to your having, gave you some
ground.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies!

[*Aside.*]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! —

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good shine, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *his Queen! his Queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. 'I would have broke mine eye-frings; crack'd
' To look upon him; till the diminution [e'm, but
' Of's space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
' Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
' The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
' Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
" Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
" How I would think on him, at certain hours,
" Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
" The she's of Italy should not betray
" Mine interest and his honour; or have charge'd him,
" At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
" T' encounter me with orisons; (for then
" I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
" Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
" Betwixt two charming words*, comes in my father,
" And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
" Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he
was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so wor-
thy, as since he has been allowed the name of. But

* These words may be, *adieu, Posthumus.*

I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own). words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment ———

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him: be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by others' experiences; but

but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrimēt of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference.

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this Gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Pest. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Pest. Being so far provok'd, as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Pest. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Pest. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Pest. You are mistaken. The one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you.—

Pest. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's; but, you know,

know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoln too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince * the honour of my mistress. If in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no. —

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had but my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with

* *convict. ce, for overcome.*

no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are your's; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion; and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to Cymbeline's palace in Britain.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a phial.

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground, gather those
Make haste.—Who has the note of them? [flowers.]

1 Lady. I. Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, Master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are
But I beseech your Grace, without offence, [Madam.
(My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections! having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish), is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their aë, and by them gather
Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious,

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal; upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;

[*Aside.*]

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Q

Take

Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.

[*Aside.*

But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. —

[*To Pisanio.*

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. That she has
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think,
in time,

She will not ques'h, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friend,
So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st up

[*Pisanio looking on the phial.*

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.

Think

Think what a change thou chancest on; but think,—
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son;
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[*Exit* Pisanio.]

Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her Lord.—I've given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet; fare thee well, Pisanio,
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Imogen's apartments.*

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it.—Had I been thief-stoln,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my Lord with letters.

Q₂

Iach.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as
you value your truest* LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady —
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' humbl'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other): nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

That

That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running) ; ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,

Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well—'Beseech you, Sir,
[*To Pisanio.*

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him ;
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

[*Exit Pisanio.*

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there;
So merry and so gamefome; he is call'd
The Briton Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your Lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries,
Oh!——

Can my fides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by, [laughter.
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but heaven knows,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much; [might
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——but

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Than to be sure they do; for certainties

Or are past remedies, or timely known,

The remedy's then born), discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon, this hand, whose touch,

Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul

To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which

Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd then)

Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour;

Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,

Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light

That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,

That all the plagues of hell should at one time

Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. Oh deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady [heart
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coſſers yield! — with diſeaſ'd ven-
That play with all infirmities for gold, [tures,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon poiſon! be revenge'd;
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Revenge'd!

How ſhould I be revenge'd if this be true?
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe); if it be true,
How ſhall I be revenge'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it:
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe as ſure.

Imo. What ho, Piſanio! —

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! — I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe as ſtrange.
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Piſanio!
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger in his court to mart
As in a Romiſh ſtew, and to expound

His

His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may say ;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit ! blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest Sir that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affianced
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men like a descended god :
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir ; take my pow'r i' th' court for
your's

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request ;
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord ; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing), have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor :
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France ; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O I must, Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstaid my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever man had such luck! when
I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be
hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a
whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing,
as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like his that broke it,
it would have run all out.

[*Aside.*
Clot.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? 'would he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. — [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every jack-slave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only. —

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus's friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [*Exit Clot.*
That such a crafty devil as his mother,

Should

Should yield the world this afs! — a woman that
 Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
 Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
 And leave eighteen. — Alas, poor Princess,
 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
 Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd,
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
 T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to a magnificent bed-chamber; in one part of it,
 a large trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, Madam —

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam. [weak,

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are
 Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed —
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou can'st awake by four o' th' clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me — sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods;
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, 'beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
 And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
 But kiss, one kiss — rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't! — 'tis her breathing that
 Perfumes

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
 Bows tow'rd her, and would under peep her lids,
 To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
 Under these windows: white with azure lace'd,
 The blue of heav'n's own tinct — But my design's
 To note the chamber — I will write all down,
 Such and such pictures — there, the window, — such
 Th' adornment of her bed — the arras, figures —
 Why, such, and such — and the contents o' th' story —
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
 Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.

O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off. —
[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slipp'ry, as the Gordian knot was hard. —
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more — to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomele gave up — I have enough. —
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bear the raven's eye*: I lodge in fear,
 Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. *[Clock strikes.]*
 One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk, the scene closes.]

* The raven's eye is remarkably large and gray.

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the palace facing Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. 'Tis almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this music would come! I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

*On chalice'd flowers that lies * :*

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes,

With every thing that pretty bin :

My Lady sweet, arise :

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her

* i. e. the morning-sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.

ears, which horse-hairs and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his; we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us*, We must extend our notice.——Our dear son, When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,

* i. e. the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T'employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave, ho!

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her——what,
If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth), yea makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.——

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's,
Can justly boast of. What's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good reports

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pain.
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me — 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-finger'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
A pantler; not so eminent. —

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd

The

The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever had but clipp'd his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse——Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me——

His meanest garment?——

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be revenge'd.——

His meanest garment?——well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour

Will remain her's.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Poff. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do's commission th'roughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Poff. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers*, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phil. See, Iachimo. ———

Poff. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, Sir.

Poff. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Poff. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

* i. e. to those who try them.

Poff.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is your's. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber——

(Where

(Where I confess I slept not; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
" Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
" And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride.—A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Has as another Nature done; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: th' andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that

Which

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet,
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false! —

Phi. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women being corrupted,
Have stoln it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't:—back my ring;
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears, by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I'm sure
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All honourable: they induce'd to steal it!
And, by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognisance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of.

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast,
 Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.

Count not the turns: once, and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:

If you will swear you have not done't, you lye
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
 I will go there, and do't i' th' court, before
 Her father——I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience! you have won;
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Posthumus.*

Post. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women
 ' Must be half workers? we are bastards all;
 ' And that most venerable man, which I
 ' Did call my father, was I know not where,
 ' When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
 ' Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
 ' The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
 ' The nonpareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 ' Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 ' And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
 ' A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 ' Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I thought
 her
 ' As chaste as unsmunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!

' This

' This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not?—
 ' Or less: at first? perchance he spoke not, but
 ' like a full-acorn'd boar, a churning on,
 ' Cry'd, Oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 ' From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 ' Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 ' The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
 ' That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 ' It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
 ' The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
 ' Lust, and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges, her's;
 ' Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 ' Nice longings, flanders, mutability:
 ' All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 ' Why, her's, in part, or all; but rather all.—For
 even to vice
 ' They are not constant, but are changing still;
 ' One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 ' Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 ' Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill,
 ' In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 ' The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and
 Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius,
 and attendants.*

Cym. **N**OW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with
 us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in mens' eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen.

Queen. And to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius: Britain is
A world by'tself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your ancestors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands,
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
Which rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came, and saw, and overcame.* With shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant * baubles) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shell mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(Oh, giglet Fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
said, there is no more such Cæsars; other of them may
have crook'd noses, but, to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
as Cassibelan; I do not say, I am one; but I have a
hand.—Why, tribute? Why should we pay tribute?
If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

* ignorant. for of no use.

The sides o' th' world, against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
 Ourselves to be) to do. Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, who
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry: that Mulmutius,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then.—War and confusion
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius:
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance*. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties are now in arms: a precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak,

Glor. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
 wards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt
 water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is your's: if
 you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the
 better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.—

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

* i. e. at extreme distance.

SCENE II. *Enter Pisanio, reading a letter.*

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
 What monsters have accus'd her? Leonatus!
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian
 (As pois'nous-tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing!—Disloyal? no;
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. "Oh, my master!
 "Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were
 "Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
 Upon the love and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable.—How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter,*
[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity.—Damn'd paper!*
 Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
 Art thou a sedary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who? thy Lord? that is my Lord Leonatus:
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that astrologer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters:
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my Lord's health, of his content;—yet not,
 That we too are asunder; let that grieve him!
 Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love;—of his content,
 In all but that.—Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.

Though

Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables: good news, gods!

Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-haven; what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your's increasing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

" Oh, for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, Pisanio?

" He is at Milford-haven: read, and tell me

" How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs

" May plod it in a week, why may not I

" Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio,

" Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st,

" (Oh, let me 'bate), but not like me; yet long'st—

" But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;

" For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing

To th' smoth'ring of the sense——" How far it is

" To this same blessed Milford: and, by th' way,

" Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as

" T'inherit such a haven. But, first of all,

" How may we steal from hence? and for the gap

" That we shall make in time, from our hence going

" Till our return, t'excuse: but first, how get hence?

" Why should excuse be born or ere begot?

" We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,

" How many score of miles may we well ride

" 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Maden, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. " Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
" Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, present,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, that have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to a forest with a cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. ' A goodly day ! not to keep house, with such
' Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys ! this gate
' Instructs you how t'adore the heav'n's; and bows you
' To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
' Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
' And keep their impious turbands on, without
' Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n !
' We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
' As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n !

Arv. Hail, heav'n !

Bel. ' Now for our mountain-sport, up to yond hill,
' Your legs are young. I'll tread these flats. Consider,
' When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
' That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
' And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
' Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
' That service is not service, so being done,
' But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
' Draws us a profit from all things we see;
' And often, to our comfort, shall we find
' The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
' Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
' Is nobler than attending for a check;
' Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
' Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
' Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
' Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours,

Guid. ' Out of your proof you speak; we, poor,
unfledg'd,

' Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know
' What

' What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
' If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
' That have a sharper known; well corresponding
' With your stiff age: but unto us, it is
' A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
' A prison, for a debtor that not dares
' To stride a limit.

Arv. ' What should we speak of,
' When we are old as you? when we shall hear
' The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
' In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
' The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
' We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
' Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
' Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
' We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
' And sink our bondage freely.

Bel. ' How you speak!
' Did you but know the city's usuries,
' And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
' As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
' Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
' The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
' A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
' I th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th'
' And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, [search,
' As record of fair act; nay, many time,
' Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
' Must curt'sey at the censure.—“ Oh, boys, this story
“ The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
“ With Roman swords; and my report was once
“ First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
“ And when a soldier was the theme, my name
“ Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
“ Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
“ A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
“ Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
“ And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft;
But that two villains (who e false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline,

I was confed'rate with the Romans: so
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock and these demefnes have been my world;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time. — But, up to th' mountains
 This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
 The venifon first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state.
 I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]
 How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are fons to th' King;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they're mine, tho' trained up thus meanly.
 P' th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick * of others. This Paladour,
 (The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The King his father call'd *Guiderius*), Jove! —
 " When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
 " The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 " Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
 " And thus I fet my foot on's neck — even then
 " The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 " Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 " That acts my words — The younger brother Cad-
 (Once Arviragus) in as like a figure [*wall,*]
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rous'd —
 Oh Cymbeline! heav'n and my conscience know,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'lt me of my lands. Uriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to thy grave;
 Myself Belarius, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*]

* *trick, for ruse, libit.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now — *Pisanio*,
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a, haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy staid senses — What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender; if't be summer-news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath outcraftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my
bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my
grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part
thou, Pisanio, must act for me. If thy faith be not taint-
ed with the breach of her's, let thine own hands take a-
way her life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-ha-
ven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou
fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou
art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
' Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis slander;
' Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
' Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
' Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
' All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
' Maids,

' Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
' This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. ' False to his bed! what is it to be false?

' To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

' To weep 'twixt clock and clock: if sleep charge na-

' To break it with a fearful dream of him, [ture,

' And cry myself awake: that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false: thy conscience witness, Iachimo, —
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy
(Whose meether was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors — All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me —

Imo. ' True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
' Were in his time thought false: and Sinon's weeping
' Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
' From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
' Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men;
' Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!

I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There

There is a prohibition so divine, [heart—
That cravens my weak hand * : come, here's my
(Something's afore't)—soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.

Obedient as the scabbard! — What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus

All turn'd to heresy? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers: tho' those that are betray'd,

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,

That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,

And mad'st me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,

It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,

To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her

Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory

Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch;

The lamb intreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye balls first.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd

So many miles, with a pretence? this place?

Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,

For my being absent? whereunto I never

Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,

To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

Th' elected deer before thee.

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment, in the which

I have consider'd of a course; good lady,

* i. e. makes me a coward.

Hear

Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan——

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it. but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of Britain.

Pis. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien

Dark

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view*; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point.

' You must forget to be a woman; change
' Command into obedience; fear and niceness
' (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
' Woman its pretty self) to waggish courage;
' Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
' As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you must
' Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
' Exposing it (but, oh, the harder hap!
' Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
' Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
' You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief.

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First make yourself but like one,
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. 'Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy; (which will make him so,
If that his head have eat in music), doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort

* i. e. likely to prove successful.

The

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen. I thank thee. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace of Cymbeline.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unking-like.

Luc. So, Sir. I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-haven.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, Noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Ser. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

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Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after ——— [To the Servant.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! —
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled;
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!
[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love and hate her; — for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady ladies*; winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Outsells them all: I love her therefore. — But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be revenge'd upon her. For when fools
Shall ———

SCENE VI. *Enter Pisanio.*

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else

* *lady* is a plural verb, and *ladies* a noun governed of it.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[Drawing his sword.]

Pis. Oh, my good Lord!

Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy Lord*.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Ev'n to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she's dead. Oh, } *Aside.*
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what
villany foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and
truly; I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st

neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my Lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-haven?—(I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon), even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come! She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—(there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt). He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body;—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd), to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my Noble Lord.

[ven?

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-ha-

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself
to

to thee. My revenge is now at Milford, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false: which I will never be To her that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heav'nly blessings, on her! this fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Changes to the forest and cave.*

Enter Imogen in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. "I should be sick, "But that my resolution helps me. Milford, "When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee, "Thou wast within a ken. — O Jove, I think "Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, "Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me "I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lye, "That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis "A punishment or trial? yes; no wonder, "When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness, "Is forer than to lye for need; and falsehood "Is worse in Kings than beggars. My dear Lord! "Thou'rt one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee, "My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the cave.*

Here is a path to't — 'tis some savage hold; 'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. "Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever "Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil*, speak; if savage, Take 'or't end † — ho! no answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Grant such a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the cave.*

* *civil, i. e. human creature.*

† *i. e. take my life ere famine end it.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury; Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty Sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze on
Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd. [that,

Bel. Stay, come not in ——— [Looking in.

" But that it eats our victuals, I should think

" It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.——

Enter Imogen.

Imo. " Good masters, harm me not;

" Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

" T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
troth,

" I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found

" Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;

" I would have left it on the board, so soon

" As I had made my meal; and parted thence

" With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. " All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

" As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

" Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

" Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

" Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy: he imbarks at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I'd bid for you as I would buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is your's. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers --- 'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my price } *Aside.*
Been less, and so more equal balancing
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of deferring multitudes,
Could not outpeer these twain---Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy fasting; when we've sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
less welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. *

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The forest in Wales.

Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word), because 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman; I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber); I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in

* ——— draw near.

S C E N E VIII. *Changes to Rome.*

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Proconsul; and to you, the Tribunes
For this immediate levy he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius Gen'ral of the force?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, w^hcre unto your levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T, &c.

fortunes,

fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this ill perseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress inforce'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, I'll spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Changes to the front of the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the cave.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers? ———

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick.
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv.

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door.
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness ! *
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me ! ———
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health—— so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lyes I've
Our couriers say, all's savage but at court : † [heard !
I am sick still, heart sick—— Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*

Guid. I could not stir him ;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field :
We'll leave you for this time ; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen to the cave.*

Bel. And shall be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

* ——— breed of greatness !

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base :
Nature hath meal and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I'm not, etc.

† ——— but at court :

Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st report,——
Th' imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, etc.

Arv.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Guid. But his neat cookery !

Arv. He cuts our roots in characters ;
And sauce'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh. *

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, Patience !
And let the stinking elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root from the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away : who's there ?

S C E N E III. *Enter Cloten.*

Clot. I cannot find those runagates : that villain
Hath mock'd me. — I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen ; I fear some ambush —
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he : we're held as outlaws ; hence.

Guid. He is but one ; you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away :
Let me alone with him. [*Exe. Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft ! what are you,
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineer. —
I've heard of such. What slave art thou ?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain ; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom ? to thee ? what art thou ? have
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ? [not I]

* ——— a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile :
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note, &c.

Thy

Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths ?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet !
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. *Cloten*, Thou villain.

Guid. *Gloten*, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid ?

Guid. ' Those that I rev'rence, those I fear ; the wise
' At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death ! ———

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world ; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell ; long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his ; I'm absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them ;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of daring terrors ; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't ; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I'm perfect what ; cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in ;
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' gods, they
And set them on Lud's town. [grow,

Bel. We're all undone !

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; yet not his frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him), might break out, and swear,
He'd fetch us in : yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,

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Nor

Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the gods foresay't; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenge'd:
'Would, Paladour, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Paladour,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro'
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a marish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
' In these two princely boys! they are as gentle,
' As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
' Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
' (Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rudest wind,
' That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
' And make him stoop to th' vale.—'Tis wonderful,
' That

' That an invisible * instinct should frame them
 ' To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 ' Civility not seen from other : valour,
 ' That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 ' As if it had been sow'd. Yet still 'tis strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Paladour ! it sounds : but what occasion
 Hath Cadwall now to give it motion ? hark !

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean ? Since death of my dear'st
 It did not speak before. All solemn things *[mother,*
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ! †---

S C E N E V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes !
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for.

Arv. ' The bird is dead
 ' That we have made so much on ! I had rather
 ' Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty,
 ' And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
 ' Than have seen this.

Guid. ' Oh sweetest, fairest lily !
 ' My brother wears thee not one half so well,

* invisible, for blind.

† ——— The matter ! ———

— Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes; and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwall mad ?

S C E N E etc.

‘ As when thou grew’st thyself.

Bel. ‘ O melancholy !

‘ Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find

‘ The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack

‘ Might eas’liest harbour in ?——Thou blessed thing !

‘ Jove knows what man thou might’st have made ; but

‘ Thou dy’dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy ! [ah !

‘ How found you him ?

Arv. ‘ Stark, as you see :

‘ Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber ?

‘ Not as death’s dart, being laugh’d at : his right cheek

‘ Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. ‘ Where ?

Arv. ‘ O’ th’ floor :

‘ His arms thus leagu’d ; I thought he slept ; and put

‘ My clouted brogs from off my feet, whose rudeness

‘ Answer’d my steps too loud.

Guid. “ Why he but sleeps ;

“ If he be gone, he’ll make his grave a bed ;

“ With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come near him.

Arv. “ With fairest flow’rs,

“ Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

“ I’ll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack

“ The flow’r that’s like thy face, pale primrose ; nor

“ The azur’d Hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor

“ The leaf of Eglantine, which, not to slander,

“ Out-sweeten’d not thy breath. The ruddock would

“ With charitable bill, (oh bill, fore-shaming

“ Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie

“ Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;

“ Yea, and furr’d moss besides, when flow’rs are none,

“ To winter-gown thy corse.—

Guid. Pr’ythee have done ;

And do not play in wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,

And not protract with admiration what

Is now due debt.— To th’ grave.

Arv. Say, where shall’s lay him ?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be’t so :

And let us, Paladour, though now our voices

Have

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwall,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;

" For notes of sorrow out of tune, are worse

" Than priests and fanes that lye.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet Reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin. [*Exit Bel.*]

Guid. Nay, Cadwall, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. ' Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
' Nor the furious winter's rages;
' Thou thy wordly task hast done,
' Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. ' Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
' Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
' Care no more to clothe and eat;
' To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow thee, and come to dust.

Guid. ' *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.*

Guid. ' *Fear no slander, censure rash.*

Arv. ' *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,*

Unremoved be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. " Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;

" The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night,

" Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.— Upon their faces—

" You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so

" These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.

" Come on, away, apart upon our knees —

" The ground that gave them first, has them again:

" Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Imogen awaking.*

Imo. ' Yes, Sir, to Milford-haven, which is the way?—

" I thank you — by yond bush? — Pray, how far thither? —

" 'Ods pittikins — can it be fix mile yet? —

" I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

" But, soft! no bedfellow—Oh gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*

" These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;

" This bloody man the care on't — I hope I dream;

" For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,

" And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:

" 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

" Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes

" Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

" I tremble still with fear; but if there be

" Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity

' As

' As a wren's eye, oh gods! a part of it!
' The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
' Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! — the garments of Posthumus?
I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face ——
Murther in heaven! — how! — 'tis gone! — Pisanio! —
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil Cloten,
Hast here cut off my Lord. To write and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous! — damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters —— damn'd Pisanio! ——
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! Oh Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. How should this be, Pisanio? —
'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Capt. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness

Luc. But what from Rome?

Capt. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc.

Luc. When expect you them?

Capt. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,

[*To the Soothsayer.*]

What have you dream'd of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night, the very gods shew'd me a vision,
(I fast' and pray'd for their intelligence).

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south, to this part of the west,
There vanish in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)

Success to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so;

And never false!—Soft, ho, what trunk is here

Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime

It was a worthy building. How! a page!—

Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead, rather:

For nature doth abhor to make his couch

With the defunct; or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the boy's face.

Capt. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems

They crave to be demanded. Who is this

Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest

In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?

What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,

Nothing to be were better. This was my master,

A very valiant Briton, and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!

There are no more such masters. I may wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,

Try many, all good, serve them truly, never

Find such another master.

Luc. 'Eack good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when [*grave*,
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
And on it said a century of pray'rs
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave; come, arm him*: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her!
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me past

* i. e. take him up in your arms.

The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's,
I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why gone;
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your High-
Hold me your loyal servant. [nefs,

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by th' senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
ready;

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. — Away. —

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lord.*]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten: but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,

Ev'n.

Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *Changes to the forest.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render *
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so 'ploy'd † importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known

Of many in the army; many years.
Though Cloten then but young, (you see), not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless

* a render, for a confession.

† i. e. employ'd.

To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'n's, I'll go.
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country-wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks
scorn

Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Aside.* *Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A field between the British and Roman camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You mar-
ried ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves

For wrying but a little? Oh, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The Noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more:—you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thirst.
But Imogen's your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest'd t' obey! I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my Lady's kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'n's,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As do's a Briton peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
Is, ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit shews;
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country; and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
In my profession! Knighthoods, and honours born,

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the
 That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but [ground;
 The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
 Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the field of battle.*

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: the King himself

• Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

• And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying

• Through a straight line, the enemy full-hearted,

• Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

• More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down

• Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

• Merely thro' fear, that the straight pass was damm'd

• With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

• To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Poff. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, [turf,
[*Exit.* (An honest one, I warrant), who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country-bafe, than to commit fuch slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than thofe for prefervation cas'd, or shame *),
Made good the paffage, cry'd to thofe that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darknefs fleet fouls that fly backwards! ftand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beafts, which you fhun beaftly, and may fave
But to look back in frown: ftand, ftand.—Thefe
Three thoufand confident, in aft as many; [three,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reft do nothing), with this word, *Stand, ftand*,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleneff, which could have turn'd
A diftaff to a lance), gilded pale looks;
Part fhame, part fpirit-renew'd; that fome † turn'd
But by example, (oh, a fin in war, [coward
Damn'd in the firft beginners!), 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ftop i' th' chafers, a retire; anon,
A rout confufion-thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they ftoop'd eagles: flaves,
The ftrides they victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some flain before, fome dying; fome, their friends
O'erborne i' th' former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughterman of twenty;
Thofe that would die or ere refift, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was ftange chance;

* *fhame, for modetty.*

† *fhame, for that part which.*

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any *.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. This is a Lord — oh noble Misery,
To be i' th' field, and ask what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? "I, in mine own woe charm'd †,
" Could not find Death where I did hear him groan,
" Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,—
" 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
" Sweet words; and hath more ministers than we,
" That draw his knives i' th' war.—Well, I will find
For being now a favourer to the Briton, [him:
No more a Briton, I've resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be,
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Capt.* Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken!
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Capt.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

* Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't?

And vent it for a mockery? here is one:

Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy), a lane,
Prefer'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.

† Meaning that his woe seemed as a charm which protected him.

1 *Capt.*

1 Capt. So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman——
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Capt. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [vice,
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ser-
As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler. After which all go out.

S C E N E III. *Changes to a prison.*

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stoln, you've locks upon
So graze, as you find pasture. [you;

2 Gaol. Ay, or stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way
I think to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, Death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods, give
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt; [me
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. — Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy,
I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No stricter render * of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.

* render, for mult.

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp,
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather, mine being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.—— [He sleeps *.

SCENE

* [Here follow a vision, a masque, and a prophecy, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly fisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespear.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, having in his hand an eminent matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 The spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.——

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he staid,
 Attending Nature's law.

Whose father, Jove! (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art),

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes:

That from me my Posthumus ript,
 Came crying mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair;

That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he,

That could stand up his parallel,
 Or rival object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth.

SCENE IV. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, [made That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mock'd,

To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonatus' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one?

Sweet Imogen! ———

Si. i. Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then Jupiter, thou King of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces far his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Si. i. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;

No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Si. i. Peep through thy marble mansion, help!

Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining Synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. b. Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,

And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! — how dare you, ghosts,

Accuse

(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before shields of proof), cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel.

Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest

Upon your never withering banks of flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;

No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;

Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!

He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast wherein

[Jupiter drops a tablet.]

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away;—no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Ascends.]

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is

More sweet than our blest'd fields; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and clays his beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof: away, and to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[Vanish.]

Post. *[waking.]* Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created

A mother and two brothers. But, oh, scorn!

Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born;

And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend

On Greatness's favour, dream as I have done;

Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I swerve!

Many dream not to find, neither deserve:

And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I

That have this golden chance, and know not why:

What fairies hunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!

Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers;

As good as promise.

Reads

breast
nd :

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

*Bel.**Cym.*

Reads.

*When as the lion's whelps shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find,
and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when, from a stately cedar shall
be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his misfe-
rites, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not——do either both or nothing——
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep,
If but for sympathy.

Enter Caster.

Gaul. Come, Sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

Gaul. Hanging is the word, Sir ; if you be ready for that, you are
well cook'd.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the
shot.

Gaul. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir ; but the comfort is, you shall
be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are
often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth ; you come in
faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that
you have paid too much, and sorry that you art paid too much ; purse
and brain both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light ; the
purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction
you shall now be quit : oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up
thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of
what's past, is, and to come, the discharge ; your neck, Sir, is pen,
book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am menier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaul. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ach : but a
man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed,
I think he would change places with his officers : for look you, Sir,
you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaul. Your Death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him
so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon
them to know ; or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you
do not know ; or lump the after inquiry on your own peril ; and how
you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to
tell o'ar.

Post.

Reads

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and li-
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am but too happy to be
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;

[To Bel. Guid. and Arvirag.

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Gym. Bow your knees;
Arise my knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces : why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To four your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Pos. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gael. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Pth. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. *[Exit Posthumus and Messenger.]*

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my confidence, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind; and one mind good; O there were defalcation of gaolers and gallowses. I speak against my present profit, but my wish had a preterm in't. [Exit.]

SCENE, &c.

Сум.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you: only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew; yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:

Mine

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth,
[To Iachimo.

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall [him.
Winnow the truth from falsehood — On; speak to

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it your's?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel
Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may grieve
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd [thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to Remember,—give me leave, I faint.—

[Swoons.

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength;
I'd rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour); it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where; 'twas at a feast, oh, would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head); the good Posthumus—
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones)—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature *, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief * nature; for condition,

* *figure*, for *proportion of parts*.

† *i. e.* inelaborate, hairy.

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye —

Cym. I stand on fire,
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd-of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; — there it begins:
He spake of her, as Dian had not dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch! —
Made scruple of his praise; and wage'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely: for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;

(Oh, cunning! how I got it), nay, some marks
Of secret on her person; that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, *[Coming forward.]*
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come—oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenuous; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lye;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.——
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany less than 'twas!—— Oh Imogen!
My Queen, My life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh, Gentlemen, help,
Mine and your mistress—Oh, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my Mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison; dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis.

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing : I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh gods !

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If Pitanio
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confession,
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very often importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem ; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would seize
The present power of life : but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error :

Guid. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?

[*To Posthumus.*

Think, that you are upon a mock *, and now
Throw me again. [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh ? my child ?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't.

[*To Guid, Arvir.*

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

* i. e. a farce, a flag-play.

Cym. Oh, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely ; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to Milford :
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforce'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story ;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me,
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head ;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee ;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law ; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had

Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone ;

[*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By halting of our wrath ? how of descent

As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three ;

But I will prove, that two on's are as good

As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,

For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.

[*Belarius.*]

Thou hadst, great King, a subject who was call'd

Cym. What of him ? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath

Assum'd this age ; indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.

First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy ; here's my knee.

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,

Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me *father*,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;

They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ? my issue ?

Bel. So sure, as you your father's. I, old *Morgan*,

Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd.

Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason. That I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For

(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'n's
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children——
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This Gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Most worthy Prince, as your's, is true Guiderius.
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he:
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp.
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoice'd deliverance more; bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! Oh Imogen,
Thou'st lost by this a kingdom.

Imo.

Imo. No, my Lord:

I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I, you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he dy'd.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?—These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependences
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And, she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn foldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grace'd
The thankings of a King.

Post.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three,
In poor befeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again. [Kneels.
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me.
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice tow'ards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes *.

Cym.

* *Post.* Your servant, princes. Good my Lord of Rome,
Call forth your Soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me; with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, —

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find,
and be embrace'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall
be lapt bran-bes, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be joind
to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being

Cym. My peace we will begin; and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her and her's)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' Imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Land we the gods!
And let the crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on, there: never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Being Leonatus, doth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, Royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lapt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius slain,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, &c.

TROI-

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,	}	<i>Trojans.</i>	Diomedes,	}	<i>Graeks.</i>	
Hector,			Patroclus,			
Troilus,			Therites,			
Paris,			Calchas,			
Deiphobus,			Helen, wife to Menelaus, in			
Helenus,			love with Paris.			
Æneas,	}	<i>Greeks.</i>	Andromache, wife to Hector.	}	<i>Graeks.</i>	
Pandarus,			Cassandra, daughter to Pri-			
Antenor,			am, a prophetess.			
<i>A bastard son of Priam.</i>			Cressida, daughter to Calchas,			
Agamemnon,			in love with Troilus.			
Achilles,			Alexander, Cressida's man.			
Ajax,	}	<i>Greeks.</i>	Boy, page to Troilus.	}	<i>Trojan and Greek Soldiers;</i>	
Menelaus,			<i>Trojan and Greek Soldiers;</i>			
Ulysses,			<i>with other Attendants.</i>			
Nestor,						

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian camp before it.

* This story was originally written by Lollius an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. It is also found in an old English story-book of the three destructions of Troy; from which many of the circumstances in this play are borrowed, they being to be found no where else.

Before this play, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted; and that it was published without Shakspear's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politic, (with which this piece is crouded more than any other of his), seems to confirm my opinion.

PRO:

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy there lies the scene: from isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures,
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come——

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions. Priam's six gates i' th' city,
 (Dardan, and Thymbria; Ilia, Scea, Trojan,
 And Antenorides), with massy staples,
 And corresponfive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperre up the sons of Troy.——

Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument),
 To tell you, (fair beholders), that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning i' th' middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault,——do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. **C**ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again,
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. 'The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

- ' Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
- ' But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
- ' Tamer than sleep, fonder * than ignorance;
- ' Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
- ' And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding: but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word *hereafter*, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me.
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An' her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—Well, go to, there were no more comparison

* *feder, for more childish.*

between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not (as they term it) praise her—but I would some body had heard her talk yesterday as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
(In whose comparison, all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach), to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and (spite of sense)
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
(As true thou tell'st me), when I say I love her.
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an' she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen; an' she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an' she were a Black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus ———

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides.——Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus——O gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India, there she lies a pearl.
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd *the wild and wandering flood*;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II. *Alarum. Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not i' th' field?

Troi. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn.
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were may—
But to the sport abroad——Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Changes to a public street, near the walls of Troy.

Enter Cressida, and her Servant.

Cre. Who were these went by?

Ser. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the fight. Hector, whose patience

Is as the virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.

He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;

And like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower

Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,

In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; there is among the Greeks
A Lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and stands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into
whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour
is crusted into folly, his folly fauced with discretion.
There is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse
of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain
of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry
against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing,
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Bri-
areus, many hands, and of no use; or a purblind Ar-
gus, all eyes, and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the bat-
tle,

tle, and struck him down, the disdain and shame where-
of hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

SCENE IV. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid; what do you
talk of? Good morrow, Alexander *;—how do
you, cousin? when were you at Ilium †?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was
Hector arm'd and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen
was not up? was she?

Cre. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too. He'll
lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's
Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take
heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? — Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cre. Oh, Jupiter, there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? do
you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is
not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

* This is added in all the editions very absurdly, Paris not being on
the stage.

† Throughout this play the name of *Ilium* seems to be given only to
Priam's palace.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; 'would he were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end; well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess), not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass-window, and, you know, he has not pass'd three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will be within three pound list as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lister? —

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an' 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus. —

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus's chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, take no question of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But there was such laughing, and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sounds a retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' soundest judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan.

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the mich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, Hector; there's a brave man, niece: O brave Hector! look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an' the devil come to him, 'tis all one; by godsid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? 'Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is: that's Helenus—I think he went not forth to-day; that's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where Troilus is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece—hem—brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?---Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well---why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a mince'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.---

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.
Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt.
Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and Love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing;
Things won are done; the soul's joy lies in doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Atchievement is, Command; ungain'd Beseech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content *firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to Agamemnon's tent in the Grecian camp.

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that Hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

* content, for capacity.

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after sev'n years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
And think them shame, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love: for there the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy goddly feat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall supply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats do sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of Fortune. For in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds

Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies get under shade; the thing of courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding Fortune *.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up; hear what Ulysses speaks,
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

[*To Agamemnon.*
 And thou most rev'rend for thy stretch'd-out life,

[*To Nestor.*
 I give to both your speeches; which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor (hatch'd in silver)
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
 To his experience'd tongue: yet let it please both
 (Thou great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; we less expect,
 That matter needless, of importless burthen,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Therſites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.
 The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the General not likes the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? *Degree* being vizarded,
 Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority and place,

* It is said of the tyger, that in storms and winds he rages and
 rears most furiously.

Infisture, course, proportion, season, form.
 Office and custom, in all line of order:
 And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
 In noble eminence inthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the commandment of a King,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *Degree* is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs),
 Then enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 (But by degree), stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength would be lord of Imbecillity,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 ' Force would be right; or rather right and wrong
 ' Between whose endless jar Justice presides)
 ' Would lose their names, and so would Justice too.
 ' Then every thing includes itself in power,
 ' Power into will, will into appetite;
 ' And appetite (an universal wolf,
 ' So doubly seconded with will and power)
 ' Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. Great Agamemnon!
 This chaos, when *Degree* is suffocate,
 Follows the choking:
 And this neglecting of *Degree* is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose

It hath to climb, The General's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own finews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. " The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 " The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 " Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 " Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 " Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
 " Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 " Breaks scurril jests;
 " And with ridiculous and aukward action
 " (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 " He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
 " Thy stopless * deputation he puts on;
 " And, like a strutting player, (whose conceit
 " Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 " To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 " 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage),
 " Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 " He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 " 'Tis like a chime a-mending: with terms unsquar'd:
 " Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
 " Would seem hyperboles. At this fustly stuff
 " The large Achilles, on his press'd-bed lolling,
 " From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 " Cries—Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon just—
 " Now play me Nestor---hum, and stroke thy beard;
 " As he, being dress'd to some oration.
 " That's done—as near as the extremest ends
 " Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 " Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent!

* i. e. unlimited.

" 'Tis Nestor right ! now play him me, Patroclus,
 " Arming to answer in a night-alarm :
 " And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 " Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 " And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget.
 " Shake in and out the rivet — And at this sport
 Sir Valour dies ; cries O ! — enough, Patroclus—
 Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen. And, in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace ; exacts *,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice), many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a pace,
 As broad Achilles ; and keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint),
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger,

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Foretell our prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand. ' The still and mental parts,
 ' That do contrive how many hands shall strike ;
 ' When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 ' Of their observant toil the enemies' weight ;
 ' Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 ' They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war ;
 ' So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 ' For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 ' They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 ' Or those that with the fineness of their souls

† i. e. exactments, public taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war.

• Be reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket sounds.*]

Aga. What Trumpet? look Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Æneas.*

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and (Jove's ac-
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas; [*cord*]
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends, [*scends.*]
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure tran-

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne.

Aene. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud.
Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd *Hector*, (Priam is his father),
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession *,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than her's: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it).
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance;— even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

* *confession, for profession.*

That

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor; one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love; tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'n's forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand.
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Manent Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor, ———

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous, even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,

But

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (tho' Apollo knows
'Tis dry enough), will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else op-
That can from Hector bring his honour off, [pose,
If not Achilles? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby-figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers. [they?

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him.

But

But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry ;
 And by device let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector : 'mong ourselves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man ;
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends,
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
 Ajax employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses, now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon ; go we to him straight ;
 Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone
 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

Ajax. **T**Herfites, —

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils
 —full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. Therfites, —

Ther. And those boils did run—say so—did
 not the General run ? were not that a botchy core ?

Ajax. Dog ! —

Ther. Then there would come some matter from
 him : I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
 feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel
 beef-witted Lord !

Ajax.

Ajax. Speak then, thou windiest leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the lothsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therites!——

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorson cur!—— [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou fool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an Assinago may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thresh Trojans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do. [Beating him.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you
How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man? [this?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*

Ther. I say this Ajax —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so — A great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be lyars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, (whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes), yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plow up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to Achilles! to Ajax! to —

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, Therfites.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, [hoist, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Changes to Priam's palace in Troy.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

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B b

Thus

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
 Deliver Helen, and all damage else
 (As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
 In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
 Shall be struck off. Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fear the Greeks than I,
 As far as touches my particular; yet
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
 Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
 To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes
 Hath been as dear as Helen: I mean, of ours.
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours
 To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
 (Had it our name) the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother:
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
 (So great as our dread father) in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The vast proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waste most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You for your gloves with reasons. Here are your rea-
 You know an enemy intends you harm; [sons.
 You know a sword employ'd is perilous;
 And reason flies the object of all harm.
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The

The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd! — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but sat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hest. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught but as 'tis valued?

Hest. But value dwells not in particular will:
It holds its estimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will doats, that is inclinable
To what infectionally itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will inkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my will distaste what is elected)
The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour,
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and fresh-
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning. [re-
]ncs
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl.
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants —

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *Go, go*);
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd, *Inestimable!*); why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 What we have stoln that we do fear to keep!
 Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoln!
 Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
 Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
 Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
 Cry, Trojans, cry; practise your eyes with tears.
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand:
 Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;
 Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 Of divination in our sister work [*strains*]
 Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act

Such

Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel;
Which hath our several honours all engage'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And, Jove forbid! there should be done amongst us
Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods; your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite: yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty bring with it:
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain, as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended: none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unsam'd,
When Helen is the subject. Then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well:
But on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: "for Pleasure and Revenge
"Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
"Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King,
(As it is known she is), these moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.

For,

For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. ———
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great General slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Therfites solus.

How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of
thy fury? shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he
beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction!
'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him whilst
he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise
devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrati-
ons. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy
be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will
stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thun-
der-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the
King of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine
craft of thy caduceus, if thou take not that little, lit-
tle, less than little wit from them that they have;
which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abun-
dant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly
from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and
cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the
whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, me-
thinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a
placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say
Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Whose there? Therfites? Good Therfites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou
could'st

could'st not have slip't out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heav'n bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death; then if she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but Lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Pat. What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. Therfites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come, why, my cheese, my digestion—why hast thou not served thyself up to my table, so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Pat. Thy Lord, Therfites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'st tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell, —

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus's knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Pat. You rascal —

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privilege'd man. Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Therfites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy Creator;—it suffices me thou art.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body: come in with me, Therſites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry Serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! *[Exit.]*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Pat. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, viſiting of him:

Let him be told ſo, leſt perchance he think

We dare not move the queſtion of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

[Exit.]

Ulyſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-like, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my Lord. *[To Agamemnon.]*

Neſt. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyſſ. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Neſt. Who, Therſites?

Ulyſſ. He.

Neſt. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Ulyſſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his Argument, Achilles.

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſſ. The amity that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untie.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him!

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;
His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state;
To call on him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion sake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
And, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go, and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud;
In self-assumption greater than in note
Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And undergo in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish luns, his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him like an engine,
Not portable, lie under this report,
Bring action hither, this can't go to war.
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently. *[Exit]*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We

We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter.

[Exit Ulysses.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, Noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer; he that is, proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

SCENE VIII. Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow!

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will-peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath, Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry, No recovery.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
 'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
 At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so.
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
 When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud Lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
 And never suffers matters of the world
 Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
 And ruminate himself), shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant Lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 (As amply titled as Achilles' is), by going to Achilles:
 That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This Lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder, Achilles go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist
 I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An' he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
 pride; let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An' all men were o' my mind——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
 first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An' twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple——

Nest.

Nest. He is not yet through warm : force him with praises ; pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our Noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog ! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyss. Ay, or surly born.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulyss. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck :
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition ;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half ; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields
To sinewy Ajax ; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times ;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket ; please it our great General
To call together all his state of war ;

Fresh Kings are come to Troy : to-morrow friends,
We must with all our main of power stand fast :
And here's a Lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep,
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Paris's apartments in the palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a Sergeant. [Music within.]

Pan. Friend ! you ! pray you, a word. Do not you
follow the young Lord Paris ?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean ?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a Noble Gentleman : I
must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be prais'd !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the Lord Pan-
darus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace ? not so, friend : Honour and Lordship
are my titles.

What music is this ?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir ; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir ?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another : I am

too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Ser. No, Sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase indeed.

SCENE II. *Enter Paris and Helen, attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but marry thus, my Lord;—my dear Lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet Lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to —

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody :
If you do, our melancholy upon your head !

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, i' faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet lady fad, is a four offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no ——

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen ?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night ?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,——

Par. What says my sweet Queen ? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my dispouser Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your dispouser is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why should you say, Cressida ! no, your poor dispouser's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy ? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He ? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now ; by my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love!—ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, Oh! oh! they die:

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn, Oh! oh! to Ha, ha, he:

So dying love lives still.

O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;

O ho grones out for ha. ha, ha — hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thought beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. *[Exit. Sound a retreat.]*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors—Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
 With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
 Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
 Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more
 Than all the island Kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
 Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An orchard to Pandarus's house.*

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's man.

Pan. Now, where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Ser. No, Sir, he prays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
 Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 And give me swift transportation to those fields,
 Where I may wallow in the lily beds
 Propos'd for the deserter! O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' th' orchard, I will bring her
 straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
 When that the watry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed Nectar? death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtil-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my rude powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight ;
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were 'fraid with a sprite. I'll
bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her
breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse ;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

SCENE IV. *Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

Pan. Come, come ; what need you blush ? Shame's
a baby. Here she is now : swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again ?
you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you ?
come your ways, come your ways ; if you draw back-
ward, we'll put you i' th' files *. Why do you not
speak to her ? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see
your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend
day-light ? an' 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so,
rub on, and kiss thy mistress ; how now, a kiss in fee-
farm ? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay,
you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The
faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river : go
to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but
she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activi-
ty in question. What, billing again ? here's, in wit-
ness whereof the parties interchangeably——Come
in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord ?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus ?

Cre. Wish'd, my Lord ! the gods grant——O my
Lord.

* Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice
in the middle places.

Troi.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O, let my Lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we; praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble: few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressida, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

SCENE V. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you,

you, you'll give him me: be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won; they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever—pardon me— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant; I love you now; but not till now, so much But I might master it—in faith, I lye— My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother; see, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man; Or that we women had men's privilege, Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, see, your silence (Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

[*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss. I am ashamed;—O heavens, what have I done! For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an' you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go try.

I have a kind of self resides with you :
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit ?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than
And sell so roundly to a large confession, [love;
To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,
Or else you love not. To be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth
Out-living beauties outward ; with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but once convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love :
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight !

When right with right wars who shall be most right.
• True swains in love shall in the world to come
• Approve their truths by Troilus ; when their rhimes,
• Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
• Want similes : truth, tired with iteration,
• As true as steel, as plantage to the moon *,
• As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
• As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center :
• Yet after all comparisons of truth,

* It was heretofore the prevailing opinion, that the production and growth of plants depended much upon the influences of the moon : and the rules and directions given for sowing, planting, grafting, and pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increase, or waning of the moon.

Sc. 6. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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' As truth authentic, ever to be cited,
' As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
' And sanctify the numbers.
Gre. Prophet may you be!
' If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
' When time is old and hath forgot itself,
' When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
' And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
' And mighty states characterless are grated
' To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
' From false to false, among false maids in love,
' Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
' As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
' As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
' Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
' Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
' As false as Cressid. —

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars*: let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressida's, and all brokers between Pandars. Say, Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen! Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Grecian camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax,
Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you,
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,

I

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right-great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince o' th' blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pay.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us. Good Diomede,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
 Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
 Which I am proud to bear.

* S C E N E VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent,
 Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last; 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good. Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not.
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exeunt.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Pat. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune;
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,

' Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
 ' That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
 ' Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 ' Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers),
 ' The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
 ' Doth one pluck down another, and together
 ' Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding.
 As they have often giv'n. Here is Ulysses.
 I'll interrupt his reading. — Now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted*,
 How much in having, or without, or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
 Not going from itself; but eyes oppos'd
 Salute each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but the author's drift;
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in and of him there is much consisting),
 Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

* i. e. how exquisitely forever his virtues be divided and balanced in him.

Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, rever-
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel [b'rates
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax——

Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things
Most abject in regard, and dear in use? [there are,
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth? now shall we see to-morrow
An act, that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men sleep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian Lords! why ev'n already.
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe;

For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.

What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,

' Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:

' (A great-fiz'd monster of ingratiitudes),

' Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

' As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

' As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:

' To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,

' Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.

" For Honour travels in a freight so narrow,

" Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;

" For Emulation hath a thousand sons,

" That one by one pursue; if you give way,

" Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,

" Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,

" And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,

" Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 " For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
 " And trampled on: then what they do in present,
 " Tho' less than your's in past, must o'ertop your's.
 " For Time is like a fashionable host,
 " That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
 " But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 " Grasps in the corner; Welcome ever smiles,
 " And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not Virtue seek
 " Remuneration for the thing it was;
 " For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 " Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 " To envious and calumniating Time.
 " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
 " That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 " Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
 " And give to dust that is a little gilt,
 " More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted:
 " The present eye praises the present object.

Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once for thee;
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not intomb thyself alive,
 And ease thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions * 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
 Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,

* missions, for divisions, i. e. goes out on one side and the other.

Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is our's, as your's, my Lord.
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When Fame shall in his island sound her trump.
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my Lord — I, as your lover, speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit*]

S C E N E VIII.

Pat. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
 A woman impudent and manish grown,
 Is not more loth'd than an effeminate man
 In time of act. — I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
 ' Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 ' Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
 ' And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 ' Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector! —

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware:

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the fun.

Achil. Go call Therites hither, sweet Patroclus:
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 T' invite the Trojan Lords, after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in the weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ev'n to my full of view. — A labour fav'd!

S C E N E IX. *Enter Therites.*

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if't wou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, Good morrow, Ajax; and he replied, Thanks Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. "A plague of opinion! a man" may wear it on both sides; like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? — why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus — tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, Captain-General of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Pat.

Pat. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum —

Pat. I come from the worthy Achilles:

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who moft humbly defires you to invite Hector to his tent,

Ther. Hum —

Pat. And to procure fafe conduct from Agamemnon,

Ther. Agamemnon! —

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What fay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howfoever, he fhall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Pat. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What mufic will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am fure none; unlefs the fidler Apollo get his finews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou fhalt bear a letter to him ftraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horfe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain furr'd, And I myfelf fee not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an afs at it! I had rather be a tick in a fheep, than fuch a valiant ignorance. [Exe.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A ftreet in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes, with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how Diomede a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question * of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and the other Diomede embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy — Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome indeed! — by Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize — Jove, let Æneas live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting;
The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this
To Calchas' house, and there to render him [Greek
(For the infreed Antenor) the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste thee before. I constantly do think,

* *question, for force, virtue.*

(Or

(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That assure you.

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all.

[*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, Noble Diomede; tell me true
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen most?
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),
With such a hell of pain and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece *;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,
For ev'ry false drop in her bandy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomede, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;

* i. e., a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown.

We'll not commend what we intend not sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Pandarus's house.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not——

To bed, to bed——sleep seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. "Beshrew the witch! with enomous wights
she stays,

"Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
"With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry—
O foolish Cressida—I might have still held off, [up.
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one

Pan. [*within.*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin Cressida?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say, what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre.

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll never be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor Capocchia,—
hast not slept to-night? would he not (a naughty man)
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd
o'th' head!—who's that at door?—good uncle, go,
and see!—my Lord, come you again into my cham-
ber;—you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.

How earnestly they knock—pray you, come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. Good morrow, Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas? by my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him.
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what
should he do here?

Æne. Pho!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll
do him wrong ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to
him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but
yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As Pandarus is going out.*]

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomedes, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand

The

The Lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them; and (my Lord Æneas)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good my Lord; the secretest of natures
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Enter Cressida to Pandarus.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: the devil
take Antenor! the young Prince will go mad: a plague
upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I
am above!

Cre. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would thou hadst ne'er
been born: I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor
gentleman! a plague upon Antenor! —

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I be-
seech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone:
thou art change'd for Antenor; thou must go to thy
father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death;
'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus. Time, Force, and Death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it. — I'll go and weep, —

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Before Pandarus's house.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon us: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you, walk in, my Lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *An apartment in Pandarus's house.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in it's sense is no less strong than that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying drops:

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, sweet duck!—

Cre. O Troilus, Troilus!

VOL. VII.

E c

Pan.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here ! let me embrace too :

Oh heart, (as the goodly saying is),

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?

where he answers again ;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. " Let us cast away

" nothing, for we may live to have need of such a

" verse ; we see it, we see it. How now, lams ?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strange a purity,

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,

(More bright in zeal than the devotion which

Cold lips blow to their deities), take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy !

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true that I must go from Troy ?

Troi. A hateful truth !

Cre. What, and from Troilus too ?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Troi. And suddenly : while injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,

Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.

We too, that with so many thousand sighs

Each other bought, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.

As many farewells as be stars in heav'n,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [*within.*] My Lord, is the lady ready ?

Troi. Hark ! you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so

Cries, Come to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan.

Sc. 6. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent potestations: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels To give thee nightly visitation. But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear, why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person—
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games: fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly ; but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will ?

Troi. No.

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my Lord, —

Troi. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Paris. [*within.*] Brother Troilus, —

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true ?

Troi. Who ! ! alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fish, with craft, for great opinion ;
I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomede : here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is
Intreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads you fair usage ; and to Diomede
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee,
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge:
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
(Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard),
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, Be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour — No.

Troi. Come to the port—I'll tell thee, Diomedé,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand—and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, Hector's trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

Dio. Let me make ready strait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the Grecian camp.*

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him thither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' Diomede with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the Lady Cressida?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
Lady *.

Dio.

* ——— Sweet Lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady;
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus pop'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Pat. The first was Menelaus' kiss——this mine——
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Pat. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir: Lady, by your leave,——

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss. ———

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn:

Dio. Lady, a word — I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomede leads out Cressida.*]

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

- There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
- Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
- At every joint, and motive † of her body:
- Oh, these encounterers! So glib of tongue,
- They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
- And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
- To every ticklish reader: set them down
- For sluttish spoils of Opportunity,
- And daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*]

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Whv, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus's sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his——

Ce. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Dio. Lady, a word, &c.

† motive, for motion.

Achil.

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Ene. Therefore, Achilles; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride parcel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector, come to seek
This blended Knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir Diomede: go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our Ajax; as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The combatants, being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true Knight;
" Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
" Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
" Not soon provok'd, not, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
" His heart and hand both open, and both free;
" For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
" Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty;
" Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* Hector and Ajax fight.]

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd ; there, Ajax.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son ;

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say, This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my fire's : by Jove multipotent.

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member,

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus. —

Cousin, all honour to thee ! —

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector !

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible,

(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st *O yes,*

Cries, This is he), could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do,

Hect. We'll answer it.

The

The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in intreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part.
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin.
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name:
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The Noble Menelaus.

Hect. O—you, my Lord—by Mars his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks,
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove,
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon—I offend.

Nest. 'I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
' Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [thee,
' Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen

' As

‘ As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 ‘ Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
 ‘ When thou hast hung thy advance’d sword i’ th’ air,
 ‘ Not letting it decline on the declin’d;
 ‘ That I have said unto my standers-by,
 ‘ Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life?

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm’d thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This I’ve seen.
 But this thy countenance, still lock’d in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
 And once fought with him; he was a soldier good.
 But by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. ’Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk’d hand in hand with time.
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in conten-
 As they contend with thee in courtesy. [tion,

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I’d fight with thee to-mor-
 row.

Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time —

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah, Sir, there’s many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomedes
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet:
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood; the end crowns all;
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord Ulysses; — thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, [body
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again. —
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead!

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stytied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be at odds with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Ag. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To taste your bounties: let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Manent Troilus and Ulysses.*

Troi. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus
There Diomede doth feast with him to-night:
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir;
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy; had she no lover there,
That waits her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scymiter I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes Therfites.

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound*.

Pat. Well said, Adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles's male varlet.

Pat. Male varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the fouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of fley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such waterflies, diminutives of nature.

Pat. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my fair love †,

* In this answer Therfites only quibbles upon the word *tent*.

† This is a circumstance taken from the story-book of the three destructions of Troy.

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
 Fall Greek, fall fame, honour or go or stay,
 My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
 Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent,
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.
 Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt Achil. and Pat.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
 two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too
 little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's
 Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that
 loves quails †; but he hath not so much brain as ear-
 wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there,
 his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and obelisk
 memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain,
 hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he
 is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced
 with it, turn him? to an ass were nothing, he is both
 ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and
 ass; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a
 lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,
 I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would con-
 spire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be,
 if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse
 of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus——
 Heyday, spirits and fires.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses,
 Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.*

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder tis; there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Princes all.

Ag. So, now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

† Meaning wanton women; quails being of so hot a constitution,
 that it is a proverb among the French, *Chaud comme une caille*. And
Des cailles coiffées is an expression used by Rabelais.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' General.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught—sweet, quoth a—sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to That go or tarry. [those]

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomedes, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now; good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Troil. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

Ther. That same Diomedes's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomedes keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [Exit.

SCENE III. Changes to Calchas's tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [within] Who calls?

Dio. Diomedes; Calchas I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. [within.] She comes to you.

Enter

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us:

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian; hark, a word with you. *[Whispers.*

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulyss. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List,——

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomedes,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself *[you,*
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you —

Ulyss. Good my Lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word

Dio. And so good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian, — why Greek —

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you
You will break out? [go?

Troi. She strokes his cheek. —

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and
potato finger tickles these together! fry, lechery, fry! —

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord,
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

SCENE IV. Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now. —

Cre. Here, Diomedes, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My Lord. —

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well: —
He lov'd me: — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, Diomede, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens : well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all ye gods ! — O pretty, pretty pledge ;

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it :

As I kiss thee. — [*Diomedes snatches the sleeve.*]

Nay, do not snatch it from me :

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomede : 'faith, you
I'll give you something else. [shall not :

Dio. I will have this : whose was it ?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was ?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder *,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challenge'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ; and yet it is
I will not keep my word. [not —

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shall mock Diomede again.

Cre. You shall not go ; — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ? the hour ?

Cre. Ay, come : — O Jove ! — do, come : —
I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewel till then.

[*Exit.*]

* i. e. the stars which she points to.

Cre.

Cres. Good night : I pr'ythee come
Troilus, farewell ; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see. —
Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err : O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more ;
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my Lord.

Troil. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Troil. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke :
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obitately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troil. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Troil. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Normine, my Lord : Cressid was here but now.

Troil. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to square all the sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil
our mothers ?

Troil. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes ?

Troil. This she ; no, this is Diomedes's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she :
If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If

If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse!
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss * assume all reason
 Without revolt. This is, and is not Cressid.
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As flight Arachne's broken woof to enter.
 Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates!
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;
 Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!
 The bonds of heav'n are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion does express?

Troi. Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged well,
 In characters, as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus——ne'er did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul——
 Hark, Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
 That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm:
 Were it a cask compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constringe'd in masts by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword,
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

* *perdition* and *loss* are both used in the very same sense, and that an odd one, to signify *unreasonableness*.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
Farewel, revolted fair; and, Diomedes, [adieu.
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomedes, I
would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will do no more for an al-
mond, than he for a commodious drab: lechery, le-
chery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds fa-
shion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the palace of Troy.*

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently tem-
To stop his ears against admonishment? [per'd,
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother,
Hect.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. "The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
"They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
"Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry: [youth;
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good Troilus, chide me
for it.

Troi. When many times the caitiff * Grecians fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools' play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

* i. e. dastardly Grecians.

Hect.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears *;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

SCENE VII. *Enter Priam and Cassandra.*

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Priam. Hector, come, go back:

Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself

Am, like a prophet, suddenly-enrapt

To tell thee, that this day is ominous:

Therefore come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field,

And I do stand engage'd to many Greeks,

Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear

This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:

You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,

Let me not shame respect; but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, Royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit And.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector:

Look how thou diest; look how thy eyes turn pale!

* i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face.

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark how Troy roars ? how Hecuba cries out ;
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth !
Behold. distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector, Hector's dead ! O Hector.

Troi. Away ! ——— Away ! ———

Cas. Farewel: yet, soft: Hector I take my leave ;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim :
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with safety stand about
thee ! [Alarum.

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud Diomedé, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII. Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord, do you hear !

Troi. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorison ptific, a whorison rascally ptific
so troubles me ; and the foolish fortune of this girl,
and what one thing and what another, that I shall
leave you one o' these days ; and I have a rheum in
mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones, that un-
less a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think
on't. What says she there !

Troi. Words, words, mere words ; no matter from
the heart :

Th' effect doth operate another way. [Tearing the letter.
Go, wind to wind ; there turn and change together :
My love with words and errors still she feeds ;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you ———

Tro. Hence, brothel-lacquey, ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the field between Troy and the camp.

[Alarum.] Enter Therites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll

Vol VII.

G g

go

go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomedes, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there in his helm. I would fain see them meet; that, that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-master villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errant. O' th' other side, the policy of those crafty sneering rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese Nestor, and that same dog-fox Ulysses, is not prov'd worth a black-berry. — They set me up in policy that mongril-cur Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft — here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost misal Retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee!

[They go off, fighting.]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian; now for thy whore,
Trojan: now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

SCENE X. *Enter Hector.*

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's
Art thou of blood and honour? *[match?]*

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave;
a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee — live.

[Exit.]

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but
a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I think they have swal-
lowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle-
yet, in a sort, lethergy eats itself: I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse,
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:

Fellow,

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord.

[*Exit Ser.*]

S C E N E XI. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew : the fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon *
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands Colossus-wise, waving his beam
Upon the pass'd corpes of the Kings,
Epistropus and Odius. Polyxenus is slain ;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruís'd ; the dreadful sagittary †
Appals our numbers : halte we, Diomede,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pace'd Ajax arm for shame,
There are a thousand Hectors in the field.
Now, here he fights on Galathea ‡ his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale : then is he yonder,
And there the strowy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

* The introducing a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story-book of the three destructions of Troy.

† " Beyond the royallne of Amasonne came an auntyent Kyнге, wylfe and dyscreete, named *Epytrophus*, and brought a M. Knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *Sagittarye*, tha. b. hynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man. This beste was heery lyke an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe. *This beste made the Greeks sore asorde, and slew many of them with his bowe.*" *The three destructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton.

‡ From the same book is taken this name given to Hector's horse.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage, princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipt, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax has lost a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all.

SCENE XII. *Enter Ajax.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face:

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector, where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my
office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say, what! Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor Diomedes! turn thy false face, thou
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse. [traitor,

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax.

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomede.

Di. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you both.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use,

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again.

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,

He shall not carry him. I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say;

I reckon not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well, [*mark.*]

I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons,

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.

Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Impale him with your weapons round about?

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye,

It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold maker are at it. Now bull, now dog; 'loo, Paris, 'loo; now my double-hen'd sparrow; 'loo, Paris, loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate; one bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrels most ominous to us. If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV. *Enter Hector.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without! — Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath: Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Ev'n with the veil and dark'ning of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek *.

[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*

So, Ilium, fall thou next. Now, Troy, sink down. Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain, Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark, a retreat, upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my Lord,

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth;

* This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, is taken from the old story book.

And,

And, sickler-like, the armies separates *.
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail :
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.
[Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Di. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be :

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March hastily along ; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended.

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field ;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ! — the gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite at Troy,

I say, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !

Who shall tell Priam so ? or Hecuba ?

* ——— the armies separates.

My half sup'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tie, &c.

Let him that will a shrietch-owl ay be call'd,
 Go into Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
 That is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make welling Niobes of the maids and wives;
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But march away,
 Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
 Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains.
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, [coward!
 I'll through and through you. And thou, great-liz'd
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go.
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey; ignominy, shame,
 [Strikes him.

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! Oh
 world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised.
 Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at
 work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour
 be so lov'd, and the performance so loth'd? what
 verse for it? what instance for it? — Let me see —
 Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 As many as be here of Pandar's hall, [cloths —
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made.
 It should be now; but that my fear is this,
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;
 Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.